NAVY SEAL

by

Kevin Jarre

Re-write of SEAWORTHY by
Gary Goldman and Chuck Pfarrer
SEAL TEAM PRODUCTIONS INC.

SECOND DRAFT

OPEN on black screen. TITLE:

"Persian Gulf, 09:00 hrs"

SMASH CUT TO:

1. EXT - PERSIAN GULF - MORNING

Vivid morning at sea. A gigantic Kuwaiti SUPERTANKER enters from screen right, its towering prow slicing majestically across the water, the hull finally bisecting the frame with its tremendous length. . . .

But suddenly we HEAR a wrenching, scraping SOUND and in the next instant the whole vessel is shaken by a tremendous EXPLOSION. Burning oil instantly gushes out of a gaping hole amidships into the ocean, leaving a wall of flame and black smoke in the tanker's wake. . . .

2. EXT - DECK OF SUPERTANKER - MORNING

Pandemonium with Filipino crewmen running in all directions, shouting through the smoke. . . .

The Kuwaiti 1ST OFFICER dashes across the deck to a companionway through which two soot-covered CREWMEN hoist a badly injured man. A brief exchange in Tagalog and Arabic with the crewmen indicating more wounded below, then the Officer sprints off toward the bridge. . . .

3. INT - BRIDGE - MORNING

The CAPTAIN is barking orders in Arabic to the engine room as the 1st Officer enters with the news of their situation. The Captain gives an order to the young, frightened-looking RADIO OPERATOR who turns to his microphone with a quavering, heavily accented voice:

TANKER RADIOMAN
This is tanker 'Kuwaiti Star', mayday, mayday — over.

Without missing a beat, a businesslike but relaxed, American VOICE (SHEPHERD) comes over the air:

SHEPHERD (v.o.)
"Uh, Kuwaiti Star this is United States warship Yankee Bravo. Uh, what's your situation — over."

TANKER RADIOMAN
We have strike mine, we have five wounded, very bad, please come now!

Now a 2nd twanging American radio VOICE (PILOT) is heard:

PILOT (v.o.)
"Uh, roger Kuwaiti Star, this is United States Air/Sea Rescue . . . .

4. EXT - SKY ABOVE GULF - DAY

A big U.S. Navy Sikorsky Sea Stallion helicopter cruises at 500 feet over the gulf, orange bands on the fuselage marked *"Air/Sea Rescue"*. . . .

5. INT - HELICOPTER COCKPIT - DAY

We HEAR the muffled whine of engine and prop from the cockpit of the chopper and through the canopy we can SEE the tanker's plume of black smoke rising from the gulf below. The PILOT pulls closer to the tanker now, still speaking into his mike:

PILOT
. . . . we have you in sight, uh, stand by. Shepherd, this is Nightingale, I have radio and visual surface contact with the tanker, uh, bearing two-zero-niner, range one-five, it is on fire and adrift, uh — over.

SHEPHERD (v.o.)
"Uh, roger Nightingale, stand by till gunship reaches your sector — over."

The pilot hesitates for a moment, turning to his CO-PILOT and the young medical CORPSMAN and 3 SAILORS crouched by the door winch. A beat, then all 5 crewmen nod back to him. The Pilot hits his mike:

PILOT
Uh, Shepherd, can't wait, they have five criticals, uh, request permission to go in.

SHEPHERD (v.o.)
"Uh, roger, Nightingale, watch yourself."

PILOT
Kuwaiti Star, stand by, we're coming in.

TANKER RADIOMAN (v.o.)
"Yes, thank you, thank you. . . ."

The Pilot banks left and heads the chopper down toward the weather side of the tanker. Suddenly:

TANKER RADIOMAN (v.o.)
"Look out, look out, speedboat in my port beam!"

The Co-Pilot points o.s. where 200 yards to the leeward, a GUNBOAT with Islamic Revolutionary markings pulls out from the cover of smoke in the tanker's wake. The Pilot hits his mike:

PILOT
Islamic warship, I am a United States Air/Sea Rescue helicopter here to take off wounded from the tanker. I am alone and unarmed, uh, what are your intentions — over.

Suddenly an RPG round WHIZZES past the canopy followed by TRACER

5. CONTINUED:

FIRE from the speedboat's heavy machine gun. Now dialogue and radio traffic start to get jumbled together, getting more and more agitated.

CO-PILOT
Jee-zus Christ, they're shooting at us!

PILOT
Shepherd, we're taking fire, gun-fire from an Islamic. . . .

SHEPHERD (v.o.)
"Nightingale, get out of there. . . ."

PILOT
Islamic warship, cease fire, cease fire, we are non-combatants. . . .

Suddenly the cockpit jerks as several rounds SPANG into the chopper.

CO-PILOT
We're hit, we're hit!

The Pilot strains against the collective as the chopper starts to yaw, already losing altitude.

PILOT
They got our hydraulics. . . .

SHEPHERD (v.o.)
"Come in, Nightingale. . . ."

Now the chopper is dropping rapidly, the ocean below getting bigger and bigger. . . .

PILOT
Can't hold it! We're gonna have to ditch! Shepherd, this is Nightingale . . . .

SHEPHERD (v.o.)
"Nightingale, come in. Nightingale, this is Shepherd, come in. . . ."

The radio keeps calling without an answer as the chopper drops out of frame and we suddenly. . . .

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT - COASTAL REFINERY - NIGHT

Dark of the moon on the Gulf coast and we can make out the skeletal outline of an oil refinery from the floodlights atop its huge oil tanks and scaffoldings jutting up from a booming, wave-swept breakwater. . . .

6. EXT - REFINERY OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A small one-story building at the end of a long oil tank-lined yard. . . .

7. INT - OFFICE - NIGHT

The main office, once the place where the refinery was run by private business, now a military headquarters, its walls covered with maps, religious slogans, and pictures of Khomeini. . . .

5 bearded ISLAMIC REVOLUTIONARY GUARDS in camouflage fatigues stand in various positions around the room, each cradling a G-3 rifle, while 2 Guards' OFFICERS stand in the middle of the room. They are interrogating the downed U.S. chopper Pilot and Corpsman who kneel on the floor in front of them, their hands manacled behind their backs. Behind the Americans stand 2 more Revolutionary GUARDS, each holding lengths of rubber hose. The 1st Interrogator points at the Pilot:

1ST INTERROGATOR
You are CIA?

PILOT
I'm a pilot.

2ND INTERROGATOR
You are CIA!

PILOT
I'm a pilot, I told you, a helicopter—

1ST INTERROGATOR
Helicopter for shoot down airliner!

PILOT
Oh, for Christ's—

The Pilot suddenly winces as the Guard behind him whacks him across the back with a hose. The 1st Interrogator turns to the young Corpsman.

1ST INTERROGATOR
You are CIA.

CORPSMAN
All right, this is getting ridiculous. . . .

2ND INTERROGATOR
You are CIA?!

CORPSMAN
For the hundredth time, I'm a medical corpsman, a medic, you know, like a doctor. . . .

The Guard behind him raises his hose to strike. The Corpsman recoils:

CORPSMAN
All right, all right, you win, I'm whatever you want, just quit hitting me with the hose, okay?

7. CONTINUED:

1ST INTERROGATOR
You are CIA.

CORPSMAN
(pauses, exhales wearily)
Sure, why not?

The Interrogators lean forward intently, surprised:

2ND INTERROGATOR
You *are* CIA?

The Corpsman shrugs and nods. The Pilot almost laughs in spite of himself but stifles it. The Interrogators confer in whispered Farsi. . . .

Just then an Arab STRANGER in civilian clothes steps from the shadows, sipping coffee. With his pock-marked skin, scowling, loose-lipped mouth, and lazy right eye, the Stranger is anything but handsome. He steps over to the Interrogators, speaking quickly in Arabic, pointing at the Corpsman and shaking his head. Suddenly outraged, the 2nd Interrogator kicks the Corpsman hard in the ribs, toppling him over with a groan.

2ND INTERROGATOR
You don't make joke! You don't make joke here!

PILOT
For Christ's sake, he's just a medic, you ASSHOLE!

The Interrogator turns on the Pilot, barking a Farsi order to one of the Guards who instantly grabs the Pilot's manacles and lifts, pulling his arms up behind him. The Pilot gasps in perfect agony.

CORPSMAN
Stop it! You're hurting him!

The Guard lifts harder and now we can HEAR the Pilot's joints creak. The Pilot starts making a little choked sound from the back of his throat, letting it grow as pain conquers pride until it is an unbroken, unbearable scream. The Corpsman struggles to his feet, beside himself:

CORPSMAN
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! STOP!

The Corpsman makes a futile lunge at the Guard with his shoulder, succeeding only in pushing him back into the Stranger whose cup is jostled, spilling hot coffee all over his shirt. . . .

The Stranger looks at the coffee for a moment in shock. Then in a sudden frenzy, he leaps on the helpless Corpsman, kicking him in the chest over and over, kicking with all his might, howling curses in gutteral Arabic, spitting on him, kicking him so many times even the Interrogators are appalled and finally pull him off. . . .

7. CONTINUED:(2)

The Corpsman rolls over into the fetal position, eyes glassy with shock, diaphragm heaving involuntarily. The Pilot kneels next to him:

PILOT
Oh, my God. . . .

CORPSMAN
(faint mumble)
I think they broke something.

A trickle of blood gurgles from the corner of his mouth. He passes out.

PILOT
Oh, my *God!*

The Pilot breaks down in sobs. Suddenly alarmed, the 1st Interrogator comes over and examines the unconscious Corpsman, unlocks his cuffs, lays them on the nearby desk, turning to the Pilot.

1ST INTERROGATOR
No, no, not hurt. Not bad. You see. Here, we give water, be all right. You see. We give water.

He barks a Farsi order over the intercom and moments later we SEE a YOUNG REVOLUTIONARY GUARD pass by the window outside followed by a KNOCK at the door. The Interrogator opens the door and the Young Guard enters, snapping to attention. The Interrogator throws him an empty canteen. The Young Guard exits with a nod, closing the door behind him. The Interrogator turns back to the Pilot.

1ST INTERROGATOR
We give water. You see.

The Interrogators turns to confer in the corner. The Pilot looks miserably over at the Stranger who still seethes over by the desk. Then he happens to glance out the window just as the Young Guard once more passes by, returning with the water. . . .

But this time a black SHADOW floats by the window after him. . . .

The Pilot looks back at the Stranger. He's seen it too. . . .

The same KNOCK at the door. . . .

The Pilot's eyes. . . .

The Stranger's eyes. . . .

Now things happen in SPLIT SECONDS as the Stranger suddenly grabs the handcuffs off the desk and dives into the next room and. . . .

The 1st Interrogator opens the door. . . .

There a quick, whirring, SOUND, like a pneumatic drill. . . .

7. CONTINUED:(3)

The side of the Interrogator's head DISINTEGRATES . . . .

A black-clad, hooded GUNMAN bursts into the room, FIRING rapid BURSTS from a silenced H&K Mp5 submachine gun, followed instantly by two more GUNMEN, CZ-75 automatic pistols BLAZING, the BLASTS from all 3 Gunmen coming so fast and so close together that they seem to flash around the room like a strobe light. . . .

In 2.2 seconds all 9 Revolutionary Guards are dropped, each caught in mid-reflex. . . .

Frozen in shock, the Pilot hasn't even had time to duck. . . .

The Gunmen fan into the room, quickly firing make-sure rounds into each body, and shouting into the Motorola headset each wears:

1ST GUNMAN (RAMOS)
Clear!

2ND GUNMAN (CURRAN)
Clear!

The 3rd Gunman is about to finish just as a last, wounded Revolutionary Guard makes a feeble leap for his gun. In one fluid move the 3rd Gunman lays him out with a Tae-Kwon-Do side kick and gives him 1-2-3 quick shots point blank behind the ear, then growls into his mike:

3RD GUNMAN (HAWKINS)
Real clear.

2ND GUNMAN (CURRAN)
Squad B — in!

4 more GUNMEN burst in, covering the room. Only now do we notice that each man's black fatigues are soaking wet with seawater. The 2nd Gunman removes his hood and helps the awe-struck Pilot to his feet:

2ND GUNMAN (CURRAN)
Seal Team, we've come to get you out.

PILOT
(pauses, blinks)
I believe you.

The rest of the gunmen remove their hoods revealing United States Navy SEAL commandos:

RAMOS, the Florida Cuban point man who slings his Mp5 and starts rifling the bodies, taking papers and wallets. . . .

LEARY, the Seal medical corpsman, a Brooklyn-Irish street kid who immediately tends to the stricken Corpsman, popping a syrette of epinephrine and jabbing it into his arm. . . .

Lt. (jg) DALE HAWKINS, second-in-command, loose-limbed but sharp-edged, a Salinas Valley hard-ass with a glint in his eye alternating

7. CONTINUED:(4)

between wildness and irony. He pulls out a camera and starts taking pictures of the dead Revolutionary Guards. . . .

And Lt. JAMES J. CURRAN, the Team Leader, nerveless and straight-eyed, with an almost awesome air of command and sheer, professional competence. He hands the Pilot over to 2 other SEALs who whisk him out of the room, then hits his mike:

CURRAN
X-Ray, this is Bad Karma, extract in 9 minutes. . . .

LEARY
(tending to Corpsman)
Geeze, they really beat the balls off this guy.

HAWKINS
Lousy rag-headed. . . .

CURRAN
Secure this area, we're moving to the extraction site.

HAWKINS
. . . . booger-eating. . . .

RAMOS
(tries door to next room)
Got a locked door over here.

CURRAN
Blow it.

Ramos pulls a riot gun from a scabbard on his back, FIRES 2 rounds into the lock, and kicks the door open. The Stranger sits on the floor, handcuffed to a radiator and holding up his wrists to show he's just a prisoner. Hawkins leans into the doorway and snaps his picture.

HAWKINS
. . . . bed-wetters.

RAMOS
Got a possible friendly here. He's a rag.

LEARY
Grease 'im!

HAWKINS
Yeah, kill 'em all, let Allah sort 'em out.

Ramos speaks to the Stranger in flawless Arabic. The Stranger replies.

RAMOS
Says he's a sailor off an Egyptian tanker. Put in at Kharg Island and the
(more)

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED:(5)

RAMOS (continued)
Revolutionary Guard arrested him as a spy. Sounds pretty lame.

Hawkins and the Stranger exchange looks, the Stranger with his blank, loose-lipped, fish-eyed stare.

HAWKINS
Egyptian sailor, my ass. Don't you recognize him? That's Rob Lowe.

CURRAN
He's no concern of ours. Leave him where he is.

Ramos turns with a grunt and starts helping Curran and Leary with the still unconcious Corpsman while the Stranger looks through the doorway and recoils in shock at all the precisely killed Revolutionary Guards strewn around the room. Hawkins pokes him in the shoulder:

HAWKINS
Check it out, Rob — that's how the United States of America kicks ass!

The Stranger looks at Hawkins and for a split second something in his eyes flashes. Hawkins jerks his pistol and puts it to the Stranger's head:

HAWKINS
This guy's fulla shit. Oughtta bust a cap in his ass right now.

CURRAN
Hawkins, watch our back, we're moving.

RADIO VOICE (GRAHAM)
"Bad Karma, this is Ball Point. . . ."

8. EXT - REFINERY YARD - NIGHT

The south gate. Another Seal, Ensign GUY GRAHAM, the youngest member of the Team, looks through starlight binoculars far into darkness outside the compound far in the distance.

GRAHAM
. . . . I've got traffic, 6 on foot, about 300 meters south of my position.

CURRAN (v.o.)
"Roger, Ball Point, put 'em in God's hands."

GRAHAM
Hello, God. Hello, God. Come in, son.

Now a dull, flat monotone, like "H.A.L." in *2001,* comes over the radio:

RADIO VOICE (DANE)
"God here."

9. EXT - ATOP OIL TANK - NIGHT

The top of the giant oil tank overlooking the yard below. . . .

TRACK down the length of an incredibly massive rifle barrel to. . . .

DANE, a strange looking, hollow-eyed Seal who looks through the complex-looking scope on his giant rifle, scanning across the yard.

GRAHAM (v.o.)
"God, I got yuppies at the south gate. They're out of their condos and moving on my position."

POV RIFLE SIGHT: Starlight scope — square picture, greenish light with the entire yard appearing as bright as daylight, at the bottom *"range to target"* displayed in a continuously changing digital numbers. The scope tracks outside the compound to where, far in the distance, 6 FIGURES can be seen running toward the south gate. . . .

10. EXT - OUTSIDE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Crouched behind AK-47s, 6 REVOLUTIONARY GUARDS run through the darkness toward the refinery. . . .

11. EXT - ATOP OIL TANK - NIGHT

Dane snicks back the giant bolt of his huge rifle.

DANE
I see 'em.

GRAHAM (v.o.)
"They gotta die, son."

Dane shoves a mammoth cartridge into the breech and slams the bolt home, taking aim.

DANE
All yuppies must die.

The rifle FIRES with a muzzle flash five feet wide and a report like a thunderclap. . . .

Outside the compound, the lead Revolutionary Guard EXPLODES into pink vapor, spraying the others with blood and bone fragments. . . .

Dane FIRES again. . . .

A second Revolutionary Guard VAPORIZES. The others instantly drop their weapons and run screaming into the night as. . . .

12. EXT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Leary and Ramos carry the Corpsman on a litter out of the office where 2 more Seals wait with the Pilot. Curran and Hawkins follow. . . .

Inside the office the Stranger takes a key from his mouth, unlocks his handcuffs, and grabs a discarded G-3 from the floor. . . .

13. EXT - ROAD OUTSIDE REFINERY - NIGHT

2 TRUCKS full of Revolutionary Guards speed toward the south gate. . . .

14. EXT - SOUTH GATE - NIGHT

Graham spots the trucks and hits his radio:

GRAHAM
Bad Karma, this is Ball Point. Heavy traffic, my position.

CURRAN(v.o.)
"Let 'em in Ball Point, don't let 'em out. "

Graham takes cover by the scaffolding 50 yards from the gate, shouldering his CAR-15.

GRAHAM
God, stand by. Race Riot, come up.

REXER, a huge, powerfully built Seal steps from the shadows on the left and braces himself behind a cinder block wall, slinging his wicked-looking M60E3 light machine gun into assault position. The gun is rigged to an aircraft belt tray leading to a full 300 round ammo pack on his back. This guy's not kidding.

REXER
Race Riot in position.

The trucks bash through the south gate. . . .

GRAHAM
Stand by.

The trucks speed into the yard. Dane's rifle BLASTS from the darkness, blowing out the engine of the lead truck. It skids to a stop and the truck behind CRASHES into it. . . .

Graham and Rexer open up in a crossfire, Rexer RIPPING into the Revolutionary Guards with lightning 2-shot bursts from his machine gun. . . .

Several Revolutionary Guards drop. The rest leap out in confusion, taking cover under the trucks. . . .

Graham hits the switch on a small radio transmitter. . . .

Three blinding blue FLASHES as three charges buried in the ground under the trucks detonate in a row, up-ending the trucks into shredded metal and anihilating the men under them. . . .

REXER
Strike.

Just then a last remaining Revolutionary Guard leaps from the wreckage, AK-47 blazing. But a deafening blast DECAPITATES him in

14. CONTINUED:

mid-air and:

DANE (v.o.)
"Spare."

15. EXT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Curran hits his mike:

CURRAN
X-Ray, this is Bad Karma. Extracting immediately.

16. EXT - REFINERY YARD - NIGHT

Churning dust from the prop wash of big Navy Sea Knight HELICOPTER as it lands in the center of the yard, Ramos and Hawkins covering it from the yard's edge. . . .

Curran motions to the others and they move into the yard as. . . .

The Stranger runs around the rear of the office and takes cover, drawing a bead with his G3 on Curran's party crossing the yard, about to fire when. . . .

SOMEONE ELSE FIRES from the scaffoldings far to the right. . . .

Curran and the others duck for cover as the unseen sniper's bullet spangs into the ground at their feet. . . .

Ramos and Hawkins turn toward the shot as the sniper FIRES again. They duck behind a tarp-covered pile of crates at the edge of the yard. The sniper keeps firing, pinning them down. . . .

At the other end of the yard Curran hits his mike:

CURRAN
God, this is Bad Karma. Yuppie on the loose, southwest quadrant.

17. EXT - ATOP OIL TANK - NIGHT

Dane swings his rifle around toward the flashes. . . .

POV RIFLE SIGHT: the same Starlight images of the yard and refinery, but no sniper. . . .

DANE
Nothing on starlight. Switching to thermal.

Dane hits a switch and the scope transforms to a psychedelic vision of purples, yellows, and greens — thermal images. He pans until he finally comes to rest on the clearly defined outline of a man with a rifle crouched behind a stairway. . . .

17. CONTINUED:

DANE
Die, yuppie scum.

Dane FIRES and the image DISAPPEARS from the scope. . . .

Watching from near the office, the Stranger's jaw goes slack in amazement and he quickly lowers his rifle while. . . .

Curran and the others move into the center of the yard, loading the Pilot and Corpsman into the chopper and are met by Graham and Rexer while the SEA KNIGHT PILOT looks on. Curran hits his mike:

CURRAN
Extracting now, everybody move it, let's go!

Just then Leary looks up from the unconcious Corpsman:

LEARY
Lieutenant, this guy's not doin' so good. I barely got a pulse.

Curran frowns as Dane runs up:

DANE
Better hurry it up, Lieutenant. I just saw to more trucks, about a mile and a half down the road, coming this way.

Meanwhile, at the edge of the yard Ramos and the other Seal run up to the pile of crates and pull the tarps off. The crates are marked: *General Dynamics Corporation, Ontario, California.* Ramos yanks open one of the crates with a knife and looks inside:

RAMOS
Jesus Christ, they're Stingers!

Hawkins stares in amazement then runs up to the chopper:

HAWKINS
You're not gonna believe this but we just found 3 crates full of Stinger missiles!

Stunned reactions from Curran and the others. A beat, then:

CURRAN
We'll have to blow 'em.
(to Sea Knight Pilot)
Hold extraction.

LEARY
(looks up from Corpsman)
Lieutenant, this guy's busted up inside. Get him on the carrier now or he's gone.

17. CONTINUED:(2)

CURRAN
What?

LEARY
This cat's dyin'.

The captive Pilot gasps. Dane still watches the road through his scope.

DANE
About a mile away now and coming fast.

HAWKINS
We can hold 'em off. Give me some satchel charges and I'll blow those Stingers in five minutes.

CURRAN
Leary, if we extract in five minutes, we'll be on the carrier in fifteen. Five minutes!

LEARY
(shrugs)
Your choice.

PULL IN on Curran until his face fills the frame. Finally:

CURRAN
We're out of here.

18. EXT - REFINERY YARD - NIGHT

The big helicopter lifts off from the yard with the Seals and rescued captives aboard while. . . .

The Stranger watches from the shadows, eyes full of hate as the chopper's lights rise up and drift off into the night sky. . . .

19. EXT - AIRCRAFT CARRIER - NIGHT

Curran and Hawkins stand on the flight deck of the Navy carrier, watching while 4 sailors hustle the Corpsman off the chopper on a litter. Curran is frowning hard as the Pilot walks up:

PILOT
Lieutenant, I really. . . you guys are incredible. Thank you, thank you so—

CURRAN
There's nothing to thank us for because we don't exist, you never saw us, this never happened. You got that?

PILOT
(taken aback)
Yeah, sure, okay. . . .

19. CONTINUED:

HAWKINS
One more thing.

PILOT
Yeah?

HAWKINS
You're welcome.

Hawkins gives the Pilot a smile as we suddenly hear the A.B.C. News Nightline theme music and. . . .

20. EXT - PORTSIDE, LITTLE CREEK VIRGINIA - NIGHT

A waterside bar with a line of pick-ups parked out front. . . .

21. INT - PORTSIDE - NIGHT

Raucous LAUGHTER from a group of Chesapeake Bay OYSTER FISHERMEN by the pool table at the far end of the room while Nightline blares from the TV over the bar. . . .

Hawkins and Curran, looking surprisingly clean-cut and collegiate and anonymous in civilian clothes, sit at a corner table while Rexer, Dane, and Leary sit at the next. All are watching TV.

HAWKINS
This is it.

V.O. ANNOUNCER
". . . . and this is A.B.C. News Nightline. Sitting in for a vacationing Ted Koppel is Barry Serafin."

Barry Serafin appears, superimposed over a map of the Persian Gulf.

BARRY SERAFIN
"Good evening. 36 hours ago, the Pentagon has revealed, a coastal oil refinery controlled by the radical Islamic Revolutinary Guard was attacked by U.S. Navy forces and partially damaged. The attack was in apparent retaliation for the downing of a U.S. helicopter over the Persian Gulf several hours before. Though officials won't comment, sources close to the operation indicate that the raid may have been the work of the U.S. Navy Seals, this nation's most secret combat unit. "

CURRAN
Chopper pilot talked. Idiot.

BARRY SERAFIN
"What is the role of clandestine units like
(more)

(CONTINUED)

21. CONTINUED:

BARRY SERAFIN (continued)
the Seals and what is the larger significance of clandestine actions in general? A.B.C. News corespondent Peter Walker has a special report."

Various video newsreel images of Seals training appear over narration.

TV NARRATION
"Their name is an acronym for sea/air/land and they are considered by many to be the toughest, most elite commando unit on earth. But in a world where the U.S. is increasingly vulnerable to embassy takeovers and airline hijackings, where there are currently 36 guerilla wars, special forces units like the Seals are increasingly seen as a vital compromise between failed diplomacy and massive military force—"

Just then a BURLY FISHERMAN switches the TV to a football game and joins his loud friends by the pool table. The Seals grunt, relieved. They'd rather watch football anytime. Rexer glances at the grim, hollow-eyed Dane who wears a wildly garish Hawaiian shirt.

REXER
Hey, Dane. Nice shirt. What d'you feed it?

DANE
(pauses, stares)
Yuppies.

REXER
(pat his shoulder indulgently)
Yeah . . . .

Hawkins watches appreciatively while a BUXOM GIRL in the Fishemen's group leans over the pool table for a shot, ample cleavage spilling out of her blouse.

HAWKINS
Out-fuckin'-standing! She should get a medal for that. And I should to pin it on.

The Buxom Girl gives him a look then smiles over at Curran who gives her a gentlemanly nod in return. Jealous, the Burly Fisherman remonstrates with her in the b.g. while Curran and Hawkins talk:

CURRAN
I got to be in D.C. day after tommorrow. Only gives us a day in Baltimore.

HAWKINS
A day with your family's better than a month in the country.

21. CONTINUED:(2)

CURRAN
(checks watch)
Well if we want to make the train we better leave now.

Curran gets up and starts to exit. Hawkins pounds back his beer and follows as do the other Seals. As Curran passes the pool table the Burly Fisherman steps close, bumping into him.

CURRAN
Excuse me.

BURLY FISHERMAN
(cracker accent)
Hey, look out, damn it!

CURRAN
Sorry.

BURLY FISHERMAN
Hey, buddy. What's your problem?

CURRAN
(keeps walking)
I have no problems.

BURLY FISHERMAN
(steps in front of him)
I said what's your problem?

CURRAN
(stops, sighs)
Well right now it seems to be you.

BURLY FISHERMAN
(pokes him in the chest)
God-damn-right.

CURRAN
Hey. . . .

Off to one side, Hawkins turns, smirking, to Leary and whispers:

HAWKINS
Watch this, watch this. . . .

The Burly Fisherman pokes Curran again.

CURRAN
Could you please not do that?

BURLY FISHERMAN
Why don't you just make me?

CURRAN
I don't believe it. What, you actually
(more)

(CONTINUED)

21. CONTINUED:(3)

CURRAN (continued)
want to have a fight, a fist-fight about this? Are you serious?

BURLY FISHERMAN
You had fuckin' A better believe it, buddy.

CURRAN
How about a spelling contest instead?

BURLY FISHERMAN
(grabs his shirt)
Listen, smart-ass!

Over on the sideline, Hawkins whispers to Leary with a mock frown:

HAWKINS
Remove that.

Curran glares at the Burly Fisherman.

CURRAN
Remove that.

Hawkins shakes his head delightedly.

HAWKINS
God, I love him.

The Burly Fisherman tightens his grip on Curran's shirt.

BURLY FISHERMAN
I said *make* me, buddy.

Cool as ice, Curran reaches over and jabs his thumb into a nerve on the side of the Burly Fisherman's neck. The Burly Fisherman instantly releases his grip, eyes bugging with pain, face starting to turn red.

CURRAN
Do you feel that?

Another FISHERMAN grabs for a pool cue but freezes as Rexer suddenly appears, bracing him from behind and holding a set of car keys poised over his face.

REXER
Is touching that cue worth your sight?

3 more tough-looking FISHERMEN make a move but Hawkins and the other Seals step in front of them, calmly ready.

HAWKINS
No trouble, just stay out of it, no trouble here. . . .

21. CONTINUED:(4)

Meanwhile Curran presses his thumb in a little harder. The Burly Fisherman's face turns redder, beads of sweat starting to form.

CURRAN
Feel it?

BURLY FISHERMAN
(croaking)
Yes.

CURRAN
Does it hurt?

BURLY FISHERMAN
Yes.

CURRAN
A lot?

BURLY FISHERMAN
Yes!

CURRAN
You still want to fight?

BURLY FISHERMAN
No.

CURRAN
Then you will not annoy me further, understood?

BURLY FISHERMAN
Yes. . . thank you.

Curran releases him and he falls against the bar, gasping. Curran walks out. The Seals start to back out, still covering the other fishermen, Hawkins and the BIGGEST FISHERMAN glaring at each other.

HAWKINS
Okay, it's all over, no trouble, no trouble here. . . .

The Seals back out the door and disappear. A beat, then Hawkins walks back into frame.

HAWKINS
Hey, watch this.

Hawkins quickly knees the Biggest Fisherman in the balls, doubling him over with a groan, then dashes back out the door and. . . .

22. EXT - BALTIMORE STREET - DAY

A pleasantly quiet street in one of Baltimore's working class ethnic neighborhoods. . . .

23. EXT - CURRAN HOUSE - DAY

A cab deposits Curran and Hawkins in the front yard of a modest, two-story frame house. They walk up onto the porch to the front door. Curran is about to hit the buzzer when the door sudenly flies open revealing a big, burly, middle-aged MAN in a Baltimore Police sergeant's uniform, tie undone, sleeves rolled up, his face twisted into a scowl. This is Curran's FATHER who points to his badge while sneering at their Navy uniforms.

FATHER
I wear a *man's* uniform. You two are dressed for some kinda limp-wrist pajama party!

CURRAN
Hi, dad.

FATHER
What're you, such a big deal, world-traveling, Naval dick-wad you think you can just barge in without calling?

CURRAN
I did call.

FATHER
ARE YOU CONTRADICTING ME?!

Curran's father leaps on him and the two start wrestling. Father gets Curran in a headlock long enough to reach over and shake hands with Hawkins, smiling:

FATHER
Hey, Hawkins. How ya doin'?

Still in a headlock, Curran bulls his Father inside. Hawkins follows. . . .

24. INT - CURRAN HOUSE - DAY

The struggle continues indoors with Curran and his father, both giggling now, wrestling their way into the living room where Father shouts:

FATHER
Get him, get him! He's hurting your poor father!

Just then Curran's younger brother TOM (also in police uniform) and older brother MICHAEL (in civilian shirtsleeves with a detective's badge on his belt and a shoulder holster) rush to their father's aid, howling at the top of their lungs, and join the melée, each pausing long enough to shake hands with Hawkins:

TOM
Good to see you, Hawkins.
(tries to hold Curran's leg)
(more)

24. CONTINUED:

TOM (continued)
GET HIM! GET HIM! GET HIM!

MICHAEL
Hey, Hawkins, what's goin' on?
(strains with Curran's arm)
HOLD HIM!

Hawkins watches as all four tumble onto the living room floor, a tangle of arms and legs, giggling like little kids. Just then Curran's MOTHER enters, smiling sweetly to Hawkins:

MOTHER
Hello, Dale! So nice to see you!
(turns to see men on floor, sighs)
Oh, my God. . . .

Curran looks up from the tangle and grins:

CURRAN
Hi, mom!

MOTHER
(brightly)
Hello, dear. . . .

FATHER
Disgusting. Trying to get sympathy from his mother — DUTCH RUB!

CURRAN
NOOOOOO!

Father and brother's take turns rubbing Curran's scalp with their knuckles. Curran howls. Pretty soon all four are laughing like madmen, laughing so hard their sides ache and no sound comes out. . .

Hawkins watches, smiling but looking a little left out. Curran's Mother notices and turns to Father:

MOTHER
Honey, somebody tackle Hawkins.

FATHER
Huh?

And in the next instant two teenage GIRLS in Catholic girls' school uniforms (Curran's sisters MAUREEN, 12, and COLLEEN, 14) flash into frame from the kitchen and tackle Hawkins, wrestling him to the floor before he can make a sound. Satisfied all is right with the world, Curran's mother watches appreciatively while the seven turn her living room floor into a giggling battleground as we. . . .

25. INT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

After Dinner. TRACK along the dining room wall past family momentos and a collection of old photos showing Baltimore policemen of various vintages. These are the men of Curran's family, four generations of Irish cops. And in a place of honor is a picture of a teenage Curran as a Naval Academy Midshipman, the sole exception to family tradition. In the b.g. we can SEE and HEAR the family laughing and doing dishes in the adjoining kitchen as we come to rest on Curran and Hawkins sitting at the end of the dining room table. They speak in hushed tones:

CURRAN
Intelligence wants a full brief on my actions at target.

HAWKINS
They gonna ream you on those Stingers?

CURRAN
Pope wear a funny hat?

HAWKINS
Fuck 'em. You saved that kid's life, that was the mission. What do they want?

CURRAN
Perfection. Anyway, I'm gonna have to leave the Team in your hands for a couple of days.

HAWKINS
What're you so worried about? I can handle the Team. Hey, Curran, when you gonna show some confidence in my command ability, anyway?

CURRAN
When you grow up and decide you're *part* of the Team.

HAWKINS
Grow up? What're you talkin' about?

CURRAN
(Stallone voice)
"That's how the United States of America kicks ass!"

HAWKINS
Come *on,* I was overcome with patriotism. That a crime?

CURRAN
Not for Sly and the other elves. For you it's unprofessional.

25. CONTINUED:

HAWKINS
(snorts)
Sly and the elves. . .

Just then Maureen and Colleen enter and sit, each mooning self-conciously over Hawkins. Curran father enters with a bottle of Jameson's and pours both Seals a shot.

FATHER
Okay you guys, wrap your hands around that. 20 years old. The top. You'd rather drink this than breathe, believe me.

CURRAN
(tastes it, nods)
Pretty good.

FATHER
Pretty good?
(points to front door)
Get out of my house.

HAWKINS
(slugs whiskey, sighs)
Wow, that's incredible, that's just poetry.

FATHER
(puts arm around his shoulder)
I always liked you, Hawkins. I think I'm gonna disown that weenie and adopt you. How'd that be?

HAWKINS
Great!

Hawkins grins and looks down, embarassed. Curran and his father and sisters exchange smiles, the girls showing the braces on their teeth. . . .

26. INT - OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, WASHINGTON - DAY

Curran, in dress blue, stands facing a table full of NAVAL OFFICERS and CIVILIAN TYPES. The Navy crest hangs on the wall behind them.

ADMIRAL
Lieutenant Curran, why didn't you destroy the Stinger missiles?

CURRAN
Sir, the mission was to rescue American personnel—

ADMIRAL
As a Seal Team commander you are expected to adapt your tactics as the situation dictates.

26. CONTINUED:

CURRAN
Sir, the situation dictated that I make a decision between destroying those missiles and saving a human life. I chose the latter.

ADMIRAL
Do you know how many innocent human lives could be put in jeopardy by those missiles? One Stinger is one 747.

CURRAN
Nevertheless, sir, I stand by that decision.

ADMIRAL
(softens)
Yes, Lieutenant, so do we. Have a seat.

1ST CIVILIAN
Intelligence has pieced together what happened here. On January 3, an Afghan rebel supply column was ambushed near the border by an Islamic Revolutionary Guard unit who recovered six U.S. Stinger guided missiles. At first it was assumed that the Revolutionary Guard would use the Stingers to disrupt shipping in the Gulf, but now it seems they have other, more radical plans.

The Civilian holds up a photograph of the Arabic Stranger.

1ST CIVILIAN
This is a picture taken by your team at target. Recognize this man?

CURRAN
Yes, sir, he was the man posing as a friendly who we later learned took part in the torture of the American captives.

A well-dressed, 30ish, darkly attractive civilian WOMAN leans in:

WOMAN
His name's Abu Shaheed, he commands a major Al Shuhada faction in south Lebanon. We have every reason to believe he was at target to take those missiles home with him.

Curran reacts. The Admiral indicates the woman.

ADMIRAL
This is Amanda Poe from the State Department Bureau of Intelligence and
(more)

26. CONTINUED:(2)

ADMIRAL (continued)
Research. She's prepared a briefing for us on Al Shuhada.

Amanda nods to a secretary who dims the light and lowers a large screen on which a series of video newsreel clips appear. First a disturbing montage of Middle Eastern squalor and misery. . . .

AMANDA
Islam does not preach terrorism. In fact it's the most tolerant of the world's religions, accepting Christians and Jews as people of the same God. Islam also preaches equality and justice but most Muslims see little of either, living in a Third World of poverty and disease. They look at the Christian West with all its wealth and power, a West, they are told, that keeps them poor but nourishes a Jewish state they see as a bitter enemy — and then tolerance fades and faith turns to anger. For the Shi'ites of Lebanon it's turned to absolute rage.

Now we see a horrific string of footage from the war in Lebanon: villages being hosed with machine gun fire, torn civilian bodies lying in the street, Beirut going up in flames under an artillery barrage, women and children screaming. . . .

The audience in the room watches with detached interest. . . .

But Curran seems to grow more personally involved as the images become more and more horrible. . . .

AMANDA
A minority sect within Islam, the Shia have always been underdogs. But during the war in Lebanon between the Israelis and the P.L.O., the Shi'ite civilian populace was caught in the crossfire. The suffering of these people during those months was indescribable.

Now we see scenes of Shi'ite militiamen fighting in the streets of Beirut with RPGs and AK-47s. . . .

AMANDA
But the Shi'ites have a powerful religious mythology of martyrdom and their suffering fueled a new resurgence of fundamentalist zeal. First came the Amal militia who drove back the western-backed Christians and Israelis. Then came Hizbollah and some of the worst terrorist atrocities of the decade.

26. CONTINUED:(3)

Now there are scenes of Shi'ite fundamentalists parading through the streets with bloody swords, bodies of Western diplomats slumped in cars, a spaced-out U.S. hostage reading his captors' demands. . . .

AMANDA
And then finally the most radical of all, *Magmuaht Al Shuhada,* or "Company of Martyrs", the most extreme of extremists, the men who murder and kidnap in the name of Islam.

Now we see throngs of Shi'ite fanatics cutting their heads open, trudging through the streets as if in a trance, chanting stuporously, white shrouds drenched with their own blood. . . .

AMANDA
Famous as suicide bombers, their heritage of martyrdom is their strongest weapon. It is often fashionable to refer to terrorists as cowards but men who would commit suicide in order to kill others can hardly be considered cowardly. Rather they are ruthless fanatics with literally no fear of death and little regard for life.

Now, as the image of U.S. Marines removing pieces of a body from the rubble of their Beirut barracks appears, Curran exhales audibly, almost gasping. Amanda glances at him then goes on as an awesome set of footage of Stinger missiles blowing aircraft out the sky appears:

AMANDA
The U.S. Stinger guided missile, manportable and shoulder-fired, is probably the single most potent infantry weapon ever created. It made the Mujahadin invincible against the Soviets in Afghanistan. I submit that the prospect of such a weapon falling into the hands of men like the Al Shuhada is totally unacceptable and before that happens I recommend they be interdicted at once and at all costs.

The lights go up. The Admiral turns to Curran:

ADMIRAL
Seal Team Seven made the initial contact, it's your mission. Top priority, deepest black. Understood?

CURRAN
Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL
Miss Poe is the State Department's top expert on Middle East terrorism. We're
(more)

26. CONTINUED:(4)

ADMIRAL (continued)
going to move her down to Norfolk to brief your team on what you're up against. She knows Al Shuhada backwards and forwards so use her. Any objections, Lieutenant?

CURRAN
(looks at Amanda)
No sir, none at all.

27. INT - WASHINGTON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A dim, plush restaurant. Curran and Amanda sip after-dinner brandy.

AMANDA
No, I went to Yale, majored in psychology. I wanted to be a children's therapist.

CURRAN
How the hell did you get from child psychology to the State Department?

AMANDA
I don't know, my background, I guess. I was born in Beirut. My father was on the U.S. Consul General's staff.

CURRAN
Your mother?

She looks him in right in the eye and without missing a beat:

AMANDA
Lebanese. Shi'ite in fact. She's dead now.

CURRAN
I see.

AMANDA
Anyway I went back to Beirut as a vice consul, intelligence gathering, specialized in psychological profiles of Middle East leaders, that kind of thing.

CURRAN
Interesting background.

AMANDA
And you?

CURRAN
Baltimore. Irish. Catholic. Annapolis.

27. CONTINUED:

AMANDA
What made you want to be in the Navy?

CURRAN
The men in my family have always been cops, right back to my great grandfather. Guess I just decided to rebel.

AMANDA
And what made you become a Seal?

CURRAN
Not sure, really. Just did it.

Curran shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Amanda studies him for a moment then smiles thoughtfully, saying to herself:

AMANDA
A policeman.

CURRAN
What?

AMANDA
Nothing. . . Were you in Beirut?

CURRAN
In '83 with the Marines.

AMANDA
What was your impression?

CURRAN
That it was just, flat, out-of-control, the worst place on earth and that if I never see it again it'll be too soon.

AMANDA
And being a military man I suppose you think we ought to bomb the Al Shuhada back to the Stone Age.

CURRAN
I didn't say that.

AMANDA
Then how would you solve the problem of terrorism in the Middle East?

CURRAN
Beats the hell out of me. I only know one thing about the Middle East — that no matter who it is, who's involved, Shi'ites, Christians, Palestinians, Israelis, doesn't matter — it's always the innocent who get hurt.

27. CONTINUED:(2)

Curran stops himself, suddenly aware he's let himself get a little too wound up, and smiles shyly.

CURRAN
Sorry.

Amanda studies him for a moment, surprised, impressed. Finally:

AMANDA
A Catholic policeman.

28. EXT - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Curran and Amanda stand on the steps of her Georgetown apartment.

CURRAN
So, uh. . . you don't have a boyfriend or anything do you.

AMANDA
Well. . . I've had boyfriends.

CURRAN
What happened?

AMANDA
Well it was always a question of time and work and trying to conduct a relationship from a thousand miles away and. . . you know.

CURRAN
Uh-huh. And did any of these iron men smoke a pipe?

AMANDA
(laughs)
All right, all right. . . .

CURRAN
So you're going to Virginia Beach tomorrow?

AMANDA
(nods)
They're going to put me up at the BOQ.

CURRAN
I have to stay in Washington another day but I'll see you Wednesday afternoon, show you the base, let you meet the Team.

AMANDA
Fine. And we should get together to discuss the operation as soon as possible.
(more)

28. CONTINUED:

AMANDA (continued)
Maybe we can squeeze in a working dinner Wednesday night and—

CURRAN
Well. . . . I sort of thought we'd make dinner Wednesday a social engagement.

AMANDA
Oh?

CURRAN
(smiles shyly)
That is if you're agreeable.

Amanda looks at him for a moment. He's such an odd mixture. Finally:

AMANDA
I'd like that.

He smiles and waves goodbye. She enters her building. . . .

29. INT - AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amanda enters and closes the door, leaning against it thoughtfully. She goes to the window and watches Curran walk back down her steps, graceful, so quietly assured. She smiles to herself as. . . .

30. EXT - NAVY BASE, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA - DAY

Amanda, in a rented car, gets a salute from a Marine sentry as she pulls through the front gate and enters the giant, sprawling base. Her car pulls up in front of a large apartment building marked "Base Officers Quarters" (BOQ). Amanda get out and is welcomed by a Navy orderly who takes her bag and escorts her into the lobby bustling with military types as. . . .

31. INT - AMANDA'S BOQ ROOM - NIGHT

A plain, sparely furnished officer's quarters, much like a hotel room. Johnny Carson runs without sound on the TV while Amanda sits on the bed poring over various reports and Arabic journals. A beat and she sighs and leans back, rubbing her eyes. She fidgets for a moment, checks her watch, then gets up and. . . .

32. INT - OFFICER'S CLUB - NIGHT

A slow night in the Officer's Club with only a few Navy types and their girlfriends at the bar. Amanda enters and sits at a vacant table, studying a menu, waiting for service. After a beat:

O.S. VOICE (HAWKINS)
Ah, but since when does sexual intercourse constitute a social introduction?
(a beat)
(more)

32. CONTINUED:

O.S. VOICE (HAWKINS)
That's a joke.

Amanda turns to a nearby table in time to see Hawkins, respendent in full-dress whites, get a drink thrown in his face by HOLLY, a beautiful blonde, who storms out in a rage. Hawkins sits there a moment, liquor running down his face, then turns to see Amanda looking at him.

HAWKINS
Dashing, aren't I?

Amanda notices the trident emblem on his chest.

AMANDA
You're a Seal.

HAWKINS
(smiles)
Hawkins.

33. INT - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Later. Hawkins and Amanda sit over drinks, deep in conversation.

HAWKINS
I was much more frightened during training than I ever was on an op.

AMANDA
I've heard stories. They say Seal training is incredible.

HAWKINS
Unique anyway.

AMANDA
What's it like? What happens?

HAWKINS
Well. . . first they took my body away from me. Then they took my mind. And when they gave 'em back. . . .

Hawkins raises an eyebrow. In the half-light of the bar there's a gleam in his eye that's vaguely troubling. . . .

HAWKINS (cont'd)
. . . . they were different.

Just then a WAITRESS passes. Hawkins flags her down.

HAWKINS
Can we order some food here?

WAITRESS
Too late, kitchen's closed. Sorry.

33. CONTINUED:

AMANDA
God, I'm starving. I've got to eat.

HAWKINS
(leans forward, cocks eyebrow)
Take a dare?

34. EXT - CITY STREET - NIGHT

A chrome-covered, midnight blue '69 Pontiac G.T.O. speeds through the streets, big Hemi engine rumbling. . . .

35. INT - INSIDE HAWKINS' G.T.O. - NIGHT

Amanda watches as Hawkins casually speeds, leaning back in his seat, one hand on the wheel, drawling easily:

HAWKINS
Now me, I'm just a rock-a-billy rebel,
born to raise hell 'cause Mama didn't
love me, twang-twang. . . .

36. INT - NIGHTCLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A big, hangar-like club with a large, crowded dance floor where Hawkins and Amanda Latin slow-dance to Celia Cruz.

HAWKINS
Come from this wierd family, all boys.
Mother was a doll, father was a crud, in
and out of jail, makin' my mother
miserable, always knockin' us around.
Me and my brothers all hated him. I got
a football scholarship to Cal and got the
hell outta there. But football just wasn't
real enough for me. So I joined the Seals.

AMANDA
What happened to your family?

HAWKINS
Mother's dead, father's run off
someplace. That crud. And you wanna
know the pisser? My brothers all turned
out exactly like him. Exactly. Cruds.
(a beat)
Actually my younger brother's not so
bad. He just got allowed to prospect for
the Angels.

AMANDA
The Angels? What is he, a ball player?

HAWKINS
(pained)
Not the baseball team, the *Hell's* Angels.

36. CONTINUED:

AMANDA
Oh. . . Jesus.

Hawkins dips and spins her as. . . .

37. INT - NIGHT CLUB LOUNGE - NIGHT

Several drinks later. Hawkins and Amanda sit at cramped table.

HAWKINS
See it's 'cause of that crud I was always close to my mama. That's how come I like women. Men stink.

AMANDA
What about Curran?

HAWKINS
That's different, Curran's great. Mr. Straight-Arrow True-Blue. He's my ideal. Did you know he was an altar boy? Can you believe it?
(shakes head)
God, I love that guy.
(pauses)
One thing though, I mean he's a great operator, the best, but sometimes he takes the stuff a little too seriously. That's the altar boy. When we were in Beirut in '83, I swear to God, he almost lost his mind watchin' the rags kill each other.

AMANDA
(stiffens)
The what?

HAWKINS
The ragheads, the booger-eaters, you know, the A-rabs.

AMANDA
Oh, I see, and what about you?

HAWKINS
Me? I don't give a shit about those people, let 'em murder each other all they want. All I care about is those Marines that got blown up.

A BLACK MARINE CAPTAIN at the next table overhears and leans in:

BLACK MARINE
Right on, brother. Fuck the rags.

HAWKINS
High five.

(CONTINUED)

37. CONTINUED:

They give each other high five. Amanda rolls her eyes.

AMANDA
You seem to have a rather bigoted—

HAWKINS
Bigoted? That's not bigoted, that's the facts. They're cruds. You know what the big problem in the Middle East is? It's not religion, it's not politics, it's personal hygiene.

The Black Marine cracks up. Amanda bristles.

AMANDA
If that's supposed to be funny. . . .

HAWKINS
I'm tellin' you, the b.o. quotient in some of those countries is fierce! And that's why they're all so pissed off over there, they're sick of smelling each other.
(turns to Black Marine)
High five.

They give each other another high five, laughing. Amanda simmers.

AMANDA
Infantile. . . .

HAWKINS
Oh, come on, we're just makin' fun of the rags. What're you so upset about?

AMANDA
I happen to be half "rag" myself.

HAWKINS
(stumbles, recovers)
Yeah, but. . . you got over it.

Hawkins and the Black Marine guffaw. Fed up, Amanda throws her drink in Hawkins' face and storms out. Hawkins wipes his eyes:

HAWKINS
Jesus, twice in one night. Liquor sure loves my face.

BLACK MARINE
Shit, man, she's illin'.

Hawkins watches as Amanda reaches the door, then:

HAWKINS
Nice legs though.

37. CONTINUED:(2)

BLACK MARINE
(looks, shrugs)
Yeah, man, perfect legs — feet at one end, pussy at the other.

HAWKINS
High five.

Hawkins gives him a last high five then dashes after Amanda as. . . .

38. EXT - NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Hawkins runs out of the club into the parking lot, catching up with Amanda who keeps walking.

HAWKINS
Amanda, I was just kidding. We kid a lot here, doesn't mean anything. Come on, I was kidding!

AMANDA
No you weren't.

As they pass the G.T.O. Hawkins steps in front of her and stops.

HAWKINS
All right, then I made a fool of myself. I'm sorry, I'm sorry!
(steps closer)
Look, I'm a jerk, I admit it. An ignorant jerk. So why don't you give me a break, huh? Huh? Amanda?

Amanda looks away, not letting him off the hook. Hawkins bends close.

HAWKINS
They call you Mandy when you were a girl? Mandy-girl?

Hawkins pushes his mouth into a little boy pout and opens the car door:

HAWKINS
Mandy-girl. . . *please.*

AMANDA
(pauses, rolls her eyes)
I don't believe this.

She sighs resignedly and gets in as. . . .

39. INT/EXT - HAWKINS' G.T.O. - NIGHT

Hawkins pulls up and stops at a red light, looking in his rear view mirror where he can SEE a POLICE CAR right behind him, the cop in the passenger seat talking on the radio.

39. CONTINUED:

HAWKINS
Could be a problem here.

AMANDA
What is it?

HAWKINS
There's a cop behind us.

AMANDA
So?

HAWKINS
(points to glove compartment)
Look in there.

Amanda opens the glove compartment. 100 parking tickets spill out.

AMANDA
My God, why haven't you paid them?

HAWKINS
It's bullshit, life's too short.

AMANDA
What are you going to do?

HAWKINS
Praise Jesus.

The light turns green and Hawkins hits the accelerator. The G.T.O. takes off like a bullet. The Police Car hits its red light and gives chase.

AMANDA
Oh, my God! What are you doing?

They screech around a curve, the Police Car right on their tail. Another screeching curve and another. . . .

AMANDA
Slow down, SLOW DOWN!

A straightaway. Hawkins hits 4th and stomps down on the accelerator. The G.T.O. flies, surging away from the Police Car. Hawkins chuckles:

HAWKINS
Hooyah! 454 on a skateboard with chain-drive!

Hawkins power-slides around a corner onto another long straight, leaving the Police car far behind in the dust. Hawkins grins at Amanda:

HAWKINS
Is this more fun than killin' kids with a hammer?

39. CONTINUED:(2)

AMANDA
You're crazy!

Suddenly through the windshield we SEE the headlights and HEAR the air horns of an oncoming semi. Amanda screams as Hawkins realizes:

HAWKINS
Shit, it's a one-way.

AMANDA
NO!

Just before a head-on, Hawkins brodies left into a vacant lot, missing the truck by the narrowest of margins and. . . .

40. EXT - ALLEY - NIGHT

The G.T.O. pulls into the dark alley and stops. Hawkins and Amanda get out, shaking with adrenalin and laughter.

AMANDA
You're out of your mind.

Hawkins looks at her. They stop laughing and stand there looking at each other, their chests heaving with exhilaration. Hawkins moves toward her. She moves back. He keeps coming, backing her toward the wall of the alley. She offers half-hearted resistance.

AMANDA
No, don't. . . don't. . . don't do this to me.

Pushing her against the wall, he grabs her by the hair, pulls her head back, and starts kissing the edge of her throat. Her eyes go smoky.

AMANDA
You bastard. You dirty bastard. . . .

HAWKINS
Take a dare.

His hands press up into her breasts. She gasps, takes his head in both her hands, and kisses him hard as. . . .

41. EXT - HAWKINS' HOUSE - DAWN

Hawkins' house, a small one-story, rented affair at the end of a quiet street with the G.T.O. parked in the drive. . . .

42. INT - HAWKINS' HOUSE - DAWN

TRACK through the house past the living room littered with empty beer cans and back issues of *Car & Driver, Guns & Ammo,* and *Black Belt,* then through the kitchen with its sink full of dirty dishes to the bedroom, finally gliding over the sock and clothes-covered floor to Hawkins and Amanda lying in bed, Hawkins staring at the ceiling.

42. CONTINUED:

AMANDA
This is crazy.

HAWKINS
(shakes head)
Cool.

He takes her in his arms and rolls over so he is on top, looking down at her.

HAWKINS
God, you're so beautiful.

AMANDA
But we just met, it's crazy.

HAWKINS
Maybe it is but. . . let's run with it.

They start to kiss as. . . .

43. INT - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Hawkins and Leary practice karate in the base gym, Leary holding the focus bag while Hawkins expertly pummels it with kicks, etc. Gradually they become aware of a fast, rythmic, pounding SOUND going, *"wa-takata-takata-takata. . ."* They look around a corner to see Curran at the far end of the gym, dressed in boxer's attire, methodically working the speed bag. Hawkins shakes his head fondly. He and Leary whisper:

LEARY
There he goes, Smokin' Joe.

HAWKINS
Brigade 178 pound class boxing champion at the Naval Academy and he never got over it. Boxing champion! And he never even gets in fights!

CURRAN
(looks up suddenly, grins)
Hey, bubba.

HAWKINS
Hey, son. When're you gonna join the 20th century, huh?

Hawkins slices the air with a whistling roundhouse kick.

CURRAN
Aaa, that stuff's too rough for me.

HAWKINS
(slaps him on the back)
When'd you get back?

43. CONTINUED:

CURRAN
Just now. Had me up all night with briefings. You heard about us going after the Stingers?

HAWKINS
(nods)
Sooner the better.
(rubs hands together)
Okay, last night — deal of the century!

CURRAN
Wait a minute, I got one for you.

HAWKINS
(pauses, shocked)
Well do tell!

CURRAN
I met this girl in Washington, works for the State Department, intelligence expert, kind of exotic, she's half Lebanese. . . .

HAWKINS
(face drops)
You mean Amanda Poe?

CURRAN
You know her?

HAWKINS
Uh. . . I met her. She's staying at the BOQ, Middle East expert.

CURRAN
Well, we went out and talked and she's really intelligent, really interesting, and there was a connection — at least I think there was — anyway, we're having dinner tonight.
(smiles, embarassed)
I know, it's not that big a deal compared to you but. . . So go ahead, kick my ass, tell me about yours.

Hawkins wants to tell but is too shocked and there is something so uncharacteristically vulnerable in his friend's enthusiasm that he just shrugs and:

HAWKINS
Hell, son, I can't top that.

44. INT - CURRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Amanda enters. Curran and Hawkins stand, Hawkins a little tense.

44. CONTINUED:

AMANDA
Hello, again.

CURRAN
I think you know Lieutenant Hawkins.

She smiles and nods at Hawkins, unaware. Hawkins fidgets.

CURRAN
Shall we get started?

45. EXT - ROCK JETTY - DAY

A rubber boat full of skin-headed Seal TRAINEES attempt to make a landing on an outcropping of jagged rocks while swells and surf crash all around them. High on the jetty, the Team watches with bland amusement while Curan and Amanda approach.

CURRAN
Training exercise. We're putting tadpoles through the mill. Only about one in a hundred make it through the selection process and only one in ten makes it through training.

Just then a wave up-ends the boat and dumps the Trainees into the rocks.

AMANDA
Isn't this dangerous?

CURRAN
(shrugs)
Practice like you play.

They walk on to where Ramos is exhorting the drenched, dazed Trainees as they struggle to drag their boat out of the surf.

CURRAN
This is Ramos, our point man and Arabic speaker.

Ramos gives her a friendly nod, still shouting at the Trainees.

RAMOS
Lay hold, idiots!

AMANDA
You're not Arab.

RAMOS
Cuban. I went to the Monterey Language Institute. Taught me to speak Arabic like a native. Also Farsi and Russian.
(shouts to Trainees)
Come on, idiots — up-HEAVE, up-
(more)

(CONTINUED)

45. CONTINUED:

RAMOS (continued)
HEAVE. . . .

AMANDA
What about Spanish?

RAMOS
Flunked.
(shouts to Trainees)
WATER, IDIOTS!

A huge wave crashes down on the Trainees and hurls them screaming into the rocks. They roll and flounder in disarray, some pretty badly busted up. One YOUNG TRAINEE struggles out of the water with a bloody gash on his forehead. Leary grabs him and slaps a bandage to his wound as Curran and Amanda walk by.

CURRAN
That's Leary, the medical corpsman.
Street kid from New York.

Leary pulls the bandage so tight the Young Trainee yelps. Leary raises his fist to slug him. The Young Trainee shuts up.

AMANDA
Great bedside manner.

Just then a tatooed BIG TRAINEE with a powerful Rambo-type physique and chiseled, rock-jawed face starts howling in a panic, bawling like a child and waving his arms, completely wacked-out with terror and exhaustion:

BIG TRAINEE
I don't wanna do it anymore, I don't
wanna do it, I quit, I QUIT!

Rexer lifts him bodily out of the water and shoves him down the jetty where two other Seals hustle him to the beach and a truck where several other quitters shiver in shame. Curran points to Rexer:

CURRAN
Rexer handles the light machine gun.
Team funnyman.
(turns to Rexer)
Hey, Rexer, how you doin'?

Rexer shrugs, wiping salt-water from his hands, and cracks a cold sliver of a smile.

REXER
I'd rather be killing women and
children.

46. EXT - OUTDOOR RANGE - DAY

Curran and Amanda watch as Dane bench-rests his giant sniper rifle

46. CONTINUED:

on the artillery range.

CURRAN
This is Dane. That rifle of his has laser, starlight, and thermal sighting systems; fires ball, armor-piercing, incendiary, or explosive .50 caliber Browning rounds at ranges of up to 2 miles.

DANE
Pick a yuppie.

AMANDA
A what?

CURRAN
A target. When Dane was in BUD/S he couldn't hit a thing so his instructor told him to imagine the targets were something he hated.

DANE
I hate yuppies.

AMANDA
I see.

DANE
(points)
How 'bout if I shoot that car body out there.

Amanda looks. 100 yards away is an old Ford Pinto body.

AMANDA
Doesn't seem so hard.

DANE
(points)
Not that car, *that* car, there, fifteen hundred meters.

Far off on the edge of the horizon is a tiny black speck. Amanda squints.

AMANDA
Is that a car?

Dane FIRES and OBLITERATES the speck.

DANE
Not any more.

AMANDA
That's incredible!

CURRAN
(proudly)
We call him God.

47. EXT - BEACH - DAY

Graham and 6 other Seals in camouflage fatigues come jogging across the beach past Curran and Amanda, each loaded down with a huge pile of equipment including guns, packs, explosives, and scuba gear.

CURRAN
The one in front's Ensign Graham. He's the baby of the Team.

AMANDA
Why are they carrying flippers?

GRAHAM
(grins, shouts)
Going swimming.

Amanda watches in awe as they turn and jog down into the surf. . . .

48. EXT - MONTAGE OF SEAL TRAINING EXERCISES - DAY

Seals rappeling from helicopters, running a grueling obstacle course, dropping in scuba gear from speeding Zodiac rubber boats, storming a mock-up of an airliner, emerging from under a mud bog like soldiers sprouting from dragon's teeth, and running — over land and rocks, through water and mud — always running, running, running. . . .

CURRAN (v.o.)
But beyond teamwork, the main thing for a Seal is endurance. Mental and physical. All the training emphasizes it. It's all about will. That's the secret — you just flat never give up. Ever. No matter what. You *never* give up.

49. INT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Amanda is at the back of the darkened room with a slide projector, briefing the Team, showing slides of Al Shuhada fighters training in mountain camps.

AMANDA
The Al Shuhada faction we're concerned with is centered mainly in the Bekaa Valley. It's headed by this man. . . .

Now a slide of the Stranger comes up and the Team reacts with cries of *"Rob Lowe"* and scattered applause.

AMANDA
His name is Khalil Hussein Musawi but he calls himself *Abu Shaheed,* "son of the martyr." 37 years old, born in Beirut, attended the American University there, lived for 5 years in New York where he was a student at Columbia as well as a Broadway theater critic for Arab
(more)

49. CONTINUED:

AMANDA (continued)
journals. Came home with an unaccountable, almost pathological hatred for the United States.

LEARY
Probably 'cause he couldn't get laid.

CURRAN
(stands, faces them)
Burn that face into your minds — that's who we're up against, that's the opposition.

HAWKINS
(nods)
The head asshole.

50. INT - HALLWAY, HEADQUARTERS BLDG - DAY

After the briefing. As the other Seals leave the briefing room, Hawkins takes Amanda aside.

HAWKINS
Why didn't you tell me about you and Curran?

AMANDA
Tell you what?

HAWKINS
The guy really likes you.

AMANDA
Oh, my God. . . I had no idea.

HAWKINS
What do you mean? Couldn't you tell.

AMANDA
Not like that. We just met.

HAWKINS
You and I just met.

AMANDA
That's different.

HAWKINS
Look, the guy's my best friend. Maybe I should just step aside and—

AMANDA
Wait a minute. I'm not interested in him, not that way, not now. I'm interested in you.

50. CONTINUED:

HAWKINS
Well. . . I'll just have to tell him.

CURRAN (O.S.)
Tell me what?

They turn to see Curran standing behind them. A beat as he absorbs the look on their faces, then:

CURRAN
Oh. . . .

HAWKINS
Look, son, it just happened, neither one of us—

CURRAN
Just like that? And now you're. . . .

Curran stops, suddenly realizing he's about to make a fool of himself. He turns to Amanda.

CURRAN
Is this what you want?

AMANDA
I don't know if it's what I want, but it looks like it's what I've got.

CURRAN
Well. . . .

HAWKINS
Sorry, bubba.

CURRAN
(shrugs)
I hope I'm wrong but I think you're both making a mistake.

HAWKINS
(laughs)
Probably right.

Amanda smiles and squeezes Curran's arm, her face a mixture of affection and sympathy. Curran stiffens for an split second, then smiles goodnaturedly, even entreatingly, pointing to her hand.

CURRAN
Remove that.

51. INT - AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hawkins and Amanda lie in bed, both looking sadly thoughtful.

HAWKINS
Nothin' but class.

52. INT - DARKENED ROOM - DAY

Dressed in black fatigues, hands at his sides, Hawkins stands under a single spotlight in the middle of a pitch dark room. . . .

Suddenly an IMAGE flickers to life in front of him — an airliner full of screaming passengers, a TERRORIST grabbing a WOMAN by the hair, about to put his gun to her head. . . .

Hawkins draws his pistol and FIRES. . . .

The image freezes and fades to black. . . .

A crowded street corner appears on the right. Two FIGURES, their backs to us, seem to struggle desperately. . . .

Hawkins raises his pistol. . . .

The figures turn revealing two grinning teenage boys playfully wrestling over a girlie magazine. . . .

Hawkins lowers his pistol. . . .

Now an Olympic stadium grandstand appears on his left. Two GUNMEN with AK47s FIRE into the crowd. Terrified spectators run in all directions, intermittently obscuring the gunmen from view. . . .

Hawkins FIRES two quick, aimed shots. . . .

The image freezes and fades to black but this time the lights come up revealing a large circular projection room, the screen pocked with bullet holes. Overhead is a glass control booth.:

LOUDSPEAKER
"Hawkins, Lieutenant j.g., time: 9 seconds, score: perfect."

Hawkins nods, satisfied, as Curran steps into frame next to him.

CURRAN
Let's see Hawkins' tracking.

A computerized video display appears over the screens showing the tracking of Hawkins' gun with a series of dotted lines. Curran points:

CURRAN
That's what I thought, there and there, you pointed at two friendlies.

HAWKINS
I didn't fire.

CURRAN
You pointed. You don't qualify.

HAWKINS
Wait a minute! I don't qualify? I had a
(more)

52. CONTINUED:

HAWKINS (continued)
perfect—

CURRAN
(curt)
Hawkins. Do it again.

Hawkins pauses, taken aback by Curran's brusqueness — this is the first time we have seen anything like tension between them. Just then Graham enters, breathless.

GRAHAM
The balloon's up.

53. INT - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Team, along with Amanda, watches as CAPTAIN DUNNE, commanding officer of the east coast Seal Teams, briefs them assisted by maps, diagrams, and photos.

CAPTAIN DUNNE
Sattelite and SR 71 photos confirm that the crates were transferred to the forward hold of the merchant ship Latanya which departed yesterday from Bushire for Tripoli, Lebanon. Intelligence reports say the ship has 12 armed hostiles aboard.
(takes a breath)
Apparently the ship also carries Muslim pilgrims on the top deck. As many as a hundred.

The Seals groan disgustedly. . . .

CAPTAIN DUNNE
Overt naval action might result in hostage taking and is out of the question. Therefore elements of Seal Team Seven are directed to interdict the Latanya at sea, neutralize any opposition while preventing the taking of hostages, and secure the ship for boarding. Hand these to the officers.

Dunne gives two mission folders to an ASSISTANT who hands them to Curran and Hawkins as we. . . .

54. EXT - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The cold cobalt blue of the deep, deep water. Suddenly we HEAR the LOW ROAR of hypersonic propellers as a NUCLEAR SUBMARINE, the U.S.S. Biloxi, glides past, huge, black, endless. TITLE:

"Arabian Sea, 22:00 hrs"

55. INT - SUBMARINE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Red lights, sonar noise, all-business atmosphere. The sub's CAPTAIN cradles a rising periscope. Curran and Hawkins slouch nearby. After a beat:

HAWKINS
Look, I've been wanting to talk to you. All this stuff with Amanda and—

CURRAN
Hawkins, I can't think about that now.

The Captain pulls away from the eyepiece and turns to Curran.

CAPTAIN
There she is.

POV PERISCOPE: dead in the crosshairs, silhouetted against the night sky, a rusted, sea-worn FREIGHTER, the Latanya, makes its way along the surface. . . .

56. INT - TORPEDO ROOM - NIGHT

The Seals, in wet suits, are in various positions around the crowded torpedo room. Some strap on gear while others study deck plans of the Latanya. Rexer climbs into a Dregger closed circuit scuba rig.

REXER
Travel to colorful, distant lands, meet interesting, exotic people. . .
(straps on gun)
. . . and kill them.

Curran and Hawkins enter.

CURRAN
All right, listen up. The Latanya will be engaged within the hour. Equipment check in thirty minutes.

57. INT - LOCK-OUT CHAMBER - NIGHT

A narrow pressure hull about the size of a shower filled with 6 wet-suited Seals, their weapons and equipment. Rexer lowers the bottom hatch. Curran hits the speaker on the wall of the chamber.

CURRAN
Bottom hatch is shut and dogged. Equalize to sea pressure.

LOUDSPEAKER
"Bottom hatch secure, aye. Equalize to sea pressure."

The Seals lower their face masks and put their regulators in place and now we can HEAR their BREATHING as water floods into the compartment and the claustrophobia becomes almost unbearable. In a moment the water goes completely over their heads and. . . .

58. EXT - SUBMARINE - NIGHT

A hatch opens against the smooth, black contour of the hull and a stream of bubbles spills from the lockout chamber. The 6 Seals leave the submarine and join 2 others already hanging from a long yellow hauser. Rexer passes the line from man to man. Each Seal secures his climbing harness to the line and they spread out in two groups of 4 about 50 yards apart. . . .

59. EXT - OCEAN - NIGHT

On the surface, the bow of the Latanya cuts through the water. . . .

60. EXT - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The THUMPING SOUND of the Latanya's propellers grows louder and we can SEE the outline of her hull on the surface above moving closer and closer. . . .

The 2 groups of Seals wait, connected by the yellow line in the ship's path, Curran's group on one end, Hawkins' on the other. . . .

Now the bow approaches, coming right between them. . . .

61. EXT - LATANYA - NIGHT

As the water streams past her prow, the yellow line, just visible under the surface, snags the fore-peak of the little freighter and. . . .

62. EXT - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The line pulls taut. . . .

Both squads are instantly jerked through the water, going faster and faster as the freighter pushes forward until both are drawn in on either side and buffeted against the hull by its boiling wake. . . .

63. EXT - LATANYA'S HULL/WATERLINE - NIGHT

Spray flies in jets as a black arm appears from the moving water, reaches up, and soundlessly places a heavy suction clamp against the corroded steel hull. Curran's head appears from the wash, then his other arm, placing another clamp, and he hauls himself completely out of the water and starts up the side of the hull. . . .

Now the other Seals in his group follow, rising from the water and inching up the sheer hull like giant, black, crawling insects. . . .

On the starboard side, Hawkins and his group do the same. . . .

64. EXT - ON DECK - NIGHT

First one to the top, Curran's fingers curl over the edge of the deck near the lifeboat while below him the rest of his squad hangs precariously. He carefully peers over the edge. . . .

A goat by the main hatch stares back at him, placidly chewing on a root.

64. CONTINUED:

All around, sleeping on the top hatches, are the potential hostages, a large group of destitute Muslim pilgrims who can't afford to travel with a roof over their heads. Their bundles, goats, and chickens clutter the deck. . . .

Satisfied they are no threat, Curran turns his head and. . . .

He is suddenly FACE TO FACE with a wild-haired, fierce-looking AL SHUHADA SENTRY who happened to be taking a leak over the side by the lifeboat davit at just that moment. He stares at Curran in utter astonishment, at the same time fumbling with his fly and bringing up his AK47. . . .

Hanging by one hand, Curran tries to reach for his pistol but. . . .

2 DULL THUDS o.s. and the sentry totters forward with a grunt, falling over the side and flying soudlessly past Curran and his men. A faint splash far below and Curran pulls himself up over the rail. . . .

Hawkins, at the head of his squad, re-holsters his silenced pistol and unslings his Mp5, a slight gleam in his eye. . . .

The remaining team members pull themselves up and take postitions on deck. On Curran's signal the Team starts to make its way silently forward toward the lights of the wheel house. . . .

A SENTRY comes out of the companionway on the port side, freezing as he suddenly sees the black invaders and snapping off the safety on his AK47. . . .

Ramos and Leary cut him down with quick, silenced BURSTS. . . .

Simultaneously, Hawkins reaches the wheelhouse door just as ANOTHER SENTRY comes out. Hawkins BLASTS him point blank, hurls his body aside, and leads the charge inside. . . .

65. INT - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

It's over in a second as 3 Al Shuhada FIGHTERS jostle each other in the cramped quarters of the tiny wheelhouse, desperately trying to get their guns into action, and are dropped by Hawkins and Curran, leaving only the CAPTAIN AND HELMSMAN alive, hands over their heads. Hawkins covers them as Curran steps back out on deck and motions to the others. . . .

Just then the Helmsman makes a sudden lunge and hits the ALARM BUTTON on the wall before Hawkins cuts him down. . . .

66. EXT - ON DECK - NIGHT

The loud ALARM BUZZER sounds throughout the ship. . . .

The passengers awake with a start, some SCREAMING. . . .

67. INT - BELOW DECKS/GALLEY - NIGHT

4 AL SHUHADA FIGHTERS spring up from the galley table, dropping their coffee and reaching for their AK47s. . . .

68. INT - BELOW DECKS/GANGWAY - NIGHT

2 MORE FIGHTERS burst from their cabins, weapons at the ready. . . .

69. EXT - ON DECK - NIGHT

Curran motions frantically to the others:

CURRAN
Compromise! Go! Go! Go!
(to Hawkins)
Secure the passengers!

Hawkins, Ramos, and Graham herd the frightened, confused passengers aft, Ramos shouting at them in Arabic, while Curran, Rexer, Dane, Leary, and the 8th Seal charge down the main hatch. . . .

70. INT - GANGWAY - NIGHT

Curran and the others come through the hatch onto the gangway and straight into AK-47 FIRE from a FLEEING FIGHTER. The 8th Seal takes a round and drops. The others duck.

CURRAN
Split!

The Seals split into 2 groups — Curran and Rexer taking the right gangway, Leary and Dane the left. . . .

71. EXT - ON DECK - NIGHT

Hawkins, Ramos, and Graham search the terrified passengers at gunpoint. Suddenly the passengers scream and part like the Red Sea to REVEAL a ragged AL SHUHADA MAN in amongst them who grabs a LITTLE BOY by the hair and puts a Czech Skorpion to his head. The nearest, Hawkins takes a step back and shakes his head:

HAWKINS
I knew it, never fails. . . .

Ramos and Graham instantly cover the Al Shuhada Man, moving into position on either side of him.

RAMOS
Easy, Hawkins, wait till we're on him.

The Al Shuhada Man tenses. Hawkins raises his hands — I won't shoot — and in the next milisecond SNAPS his foot up into the terrorist's hand, knocking the gun away. In an instant Hawkins leaps on the Al Shuhada Man, pushes the child to safety, and jabs his own pistol into the terrorist's chest. Caught, the Al Shuhada man raises himself up defiantly and SPITS in Hawkins' face. Hawkins recoils in shock. The Al Shuhada Man sneers arrogantly. . . .

Hawkins' eyes. . . .

The Al Shuhada Man's eyes. . . .

71. CONTINUED:

Hawkins RAPID FIRES 1-2-3-4-5-6 times, making the terrorist's chest into a sieve, blasting him into the railing and over the side. . . .

72. INT - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Curran and Rexer pursue the Fleeing Fighter down the gangway. The Fighter FIRES in retreat. Curran and Rexer RETURN FIRE. . . .

The chase continues down a ladder and through several compartments, the Fleeing Fighter screaming warnings in Arabic. Suddenly we HEAR answering VOICES. The Fleeing Fighter turns onto another gangway and. . . .

He is suddenly facing his fellow FIGHTERS standing 5 abreast, assault rifles leveled, ready to fire. The Fleeing Fighter hits the deck at their feet, clearing the line of fire for the Seals who should be rounding this corner in the next instant — straight into an ambush. The Al Shuhada Men stand tensely at alert, shaking with adrenalin, ready. . . .

But instead of the Seals, a SMALL OBJECT bounces around the corner and skitters along the deck toward them. . . .

A FLASH of brilliant white light as a phosphorus grenade DETONATES in the gangway, blinding the Fighters, while in the next instant. . . .

Curran and Rexer dive around the corner, BLASTING, Rexer chewing them up with his M60. . . .

The Fighters are eliminated in a bunch. But the Fleeing Fighter, whose back was to the blast, bounds up and dives around the next corner. Curran and Rexer's bullets spang and riccochet into the steel bulkhead after him as. . . .

73. INT - QUARTERS - NIGHT

The Fleeing Fighter runs through the crew quarters, frantically kicking open doors and searching the empty rooms as. . . .

Curran and Rexer dash through the bodies around the next corner. . . .

The Fleeing Fighter kicks open a cabin door. A young Arab WOMAN recoils in her bunk and gasps, drawing her sheets closer. . . .

Curran enters the gangway and freezes as a door swings open and the terrified Woman is pushed out in her panties by the Fleeing Fighter who, gun pressed to her head, starts backing down the gangway, using the her as a shield and spouting Arabic a mile a minute. . . .

Curran stands stock-still, tracking him with his gun as Rexer rounds the corner.

CURRAN
Get back!

73. CONTINUED:

Rexer jumps back behind the bulkhead while Curran slowly advances, backing the Fleeing Fighter into the far bulkhead. Curran advances within a yard and stops, still holding him in his sights. The Woman is sobbing now in utter terror, half-naked and pitiful. The Fleeing Fighter crouches behind her, howling in Arabic. He presses his gun tighter against her head. Curran freezes. Virtually insensate with fear and rage, the Fighter starts SPITTING in Curran's face. Curran flinches but keeps his cool, saying very quietly into his radio:

CURRAN
God?

74. INT - NEXT GANGWAY - NIGHT

Dane and Leary are poised in the adjacent gangway. Dane hits his mike.

DANE
I'm here.

CURRAN (v.o.)
"Go to thermal."

Dane brings his big rifle up and points it at the steel bulkhead, hitting a switch on his scope — the same wierd thermal images, this time showing like X-ray the OUTLINE through the bulkhead of the Fleeing Fighter and the Woman in the gangway beyond.

DANE
I got him.

75. INT - BACK AND FORTH, QUARTERS/NEXT GANGWAY - NIGHT

The Fighter keeps spitting in Curran's face, still shouting in Arabic. The Woman sobs. Curran takes a breath to steady himself, then:

CURRAN
Get ready.

Curran slowly lowers his gun, dropping it to the floor and putting his hands on his head. . . .

The terrorist stares at him for a moment in wonder, confused. Then his face contorts, hissing with hate, and he quickly turns his gun from the Woman to Curran, about to fire, when:

CURRAN
NOW!

Dane FIRES, the bullet piercing the 2 inch steel bulkhead with a loud "BTANG". . . .

The terrorist's head DISAPPEARS from his shoulders. . . .

The Woman falls into Curran's arms, hysterical. Curran throws her to Rexer and hits his mike, wiping the spittle from his face:

75. CONTINUED:

CURRAN
Ball Point, this is Bad Karma, I've got 6 hostiles dead, 1 Seal down. Need your status.

GRAHAM (v.o.)
"Bad Karma, I've got 3 hostiles dead, 1 down, 2 missing over the side."

CURRAN
That's 12. Now. . . .

76. INT - FORWARD HOLD - NIGHT

Curran and Rexer yank a tarp off a stack of 3 large crates with the same *General Dynamics* marking. Curran hits his mike:

CURRAN
Ball Point, this is Bad Karma. Cargo secure, call in back-up.

77. EXT - ON DECK - NIGHT

2 big Navy Helicopters hover over the deck as 5 EXPLOSIVE ORDNANCE DISPOSAL TECHNICIANS rappel onto the hatch cover. The EOD OFFICER lands next to Curran and unhooks himself from the carabiner. Curran shouts over the rotor blast:

CURRAN
Forward hold, 3 crates.

78. INT - FORWARD HOLD - NIGHT

The crates are broken open by the technicians. Sand pours out. Simple sand. The Team members' faces drop. The EOD Officer turns to Curran.

EOD OFFICER
You guys got took.

1ST CIVILIAN (v.o.)
Abu Shaheed was ready for us, pure and simple. . . .

79. INT - OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, WASHINGTON - DAY

The same as before. The 1st Civilian speaks as Curran and Amanda and Navy & Civilian Types look on.

1ST CIVILIAN (cont'd)
. . . . the Latanya was just a feint. There's no telling where the missiles are now.

2ND CIVILIAN
The trouble is we have billions worth of high-tech equipment but nobody on the
(more)

79. CONTINUED:

2ND CIVILIAN (continued)
inside, nobody right there on the ground to give us real-time intelligence.

A beat as the Admiral exhales wearily and rises.

ADMIRAL
Well until State or CIA can get that intelligence and determine the location of those missiles the Navy is standing down. Mr. Curran, you and your Team did an outstanding job of boarding that tub.

Before Curran can respond, the Admiral is already out the door, followed by his Aides. Curran looks over at Amanda then looks away, shaking his head. Amanda stands and walks out determinedly:

AMANDA
All right, my turn.

CURRAN
Where are you going?

80. INT - AMANDA'S WASHINGTON OFFICE - DAY

Amanda's office at the State Department with ASSISTANTS bustling back and forth and phones ringing off the hook. Amanda enters purposefully, Curran tagging along behind. She turns to a MALE ASSISTANT:

MALE ASSISTANT
Hello, Miss Poe, nice to—

AMANDA
Yes, hello, listen, I want you to patch into N.S.A's computer. I'm going to run a search on international banking records.
(takes out notebook, points)
And get me every cross reference on these men — especially *this* man.

CURRAN
What are you doing?

AMANDA
Something I've been avoiding for years.

She exits briskly. Curran follows as. . . .

81. EXT - HEADQUARTER BUILDING, NORFOLK BASE - DAY

Curran and Amanda walk up the front of the base headquarters building past a row of ancient cannon.

81. CONTINUED:

CURRAN
What do you mean?

AMANDA
Al Shuhada's money comes from a rich consortium of Islamic fundamentalists throughout the Middle East. It used to be funneled through the Syrians, but ever since Syria broke with the radicals and started to take control of Lebanon itself, the money's been paid into a private corporation with an office in Athens. From there it goes through an unknown middleman who acts as a kind of Godfather, doling it out to the various Al Shuhada factions. . . .

Just then Hawkins appears in the doorway, starting to exit the building. But seeing Amanda, he retreats back into the hallway, unseen.

AMANDA (cont'd)
. . . . I have a hunch I know who that Godfather is but I have to be sure.

82. INT - CURRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Curran works at his desk. Hawkins leans in the doorway.

HAWKINS
Hey, son. What a rat-fuck, huh? You 'bout ready to hit Crystal City?

CURRAN
Come in, Hawkins, I want to talk to you.

Hawkins enters and sits down. Curran looks up sternly. After a beat:

CURRAN
I've been going over the after-action reports—

HAWKINS
I know, the hostage on the deck. I swear to God, I don't know where that kick came from.

CURRAN
I do. You were hotdogging.

HAWKINS
(shrugs)
Can't always go by the book. Sometimes you have to wing it.

CURRAN
That may be true, but what if that kick hadn't worked, what if you'd stepped on
(more)

82. CONTINUED:

CURRAN (continued)
your dick instead?

HAWKINS
I didn't.

CURRAN
But what if you had?

HAWKINS
(emphatic)
I didn't.

CURRAN
(pauses, leans forward)
Hawkins, look, we had the exact same situation below decks with the woman—

HAWKINS
I know, I read your report, you handled it the *right* way.

CURRAN
That's just it, *I* didn't do anything, *we* did it, the Team—

HAWKINS
(nods, rolls his eyes)
The Team, the Team. . . .

CURRAN
(pointed)
Hawkins. . . .

HAWKINS
Okay, okay, you're right, I was wrong, I was playing Rambo, I'm sorry, okay?

CURRAN
(exhales, shakes head)
Sorry doesn't get it. Either tighten up or ring out. Sight?

PULL IN on Hawkins as this sinks in and:

HAWKINS
Seen.

83. INT - AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hawkins and Amanda sit on the sofa together.

AMANDA
When you didn't call, I got worried, thought maybe you were flaking out on me. I know you tough guys have a
(more)

(CONTINUED)

83. CONTINUED:

AMANDA (continued)
tendency to do that.

HAWKINS
I wasn't flaking out, I just. . . shit.
(pauses, rubs eyes)
Look sometimes it takes me a while to unwind from an op, especially when we come up flat.

AMANDA
And so you decided to ignore me for awhile.

HAWKINS
(pained)
I wasn't ignoring you. . . Okay, I'm sorry, I'm an asshole, I admit it.

AMANDA
Couldn't have been because you were feeling guilty, could it?

HAWKINS
Guilty? About what? Curran? Listen, I don't sweat that guy anymore. If he's got a thing about you that's his problem.

AMANDA
What do you mean? What happened?

HAWKINS
Ah, he's been raggin' me all day about some bullshit at target. He's jealous.

AMANDA
Curran? That's not his style.

HAWKINS
I'm telling you, he's jealous, can't face the idea of you and me together. It's the macho deal.

AMANDA
But I can't believe he'd—

HAWKINS
Look, I still like the guy, he's still my friend and all, we're just havin' a thing, it's nothin'. Who cares anyway, men stink. . . .

He takes her in his arms and flops her back on the sofa.

HAWKINS
. . . . I like women.

(CONTINUED)

83. CONTINUED:(2)

AMANDA
Look, if there's something wrong, you should—

HAWKINS
(sits up angrily)
Will you get off this?

AMANDA
(taken aback)
All right.

Amanda stares at the floor. After a beat:

HAWKINS
Oh, so now you're gonna mope?

AMANDA
Hey, what is your problem?

HAWKINS
Nothing, nothing, I'm sorry, Jesus.

AMANDA
(puts arms around him)
Come on. . . .

HAWKINS
(stands)
Look, I gotta go.

AMANDA
What's wrong?

HAWKINS
Nothing's wrong, it's not you, It's me, I just, you know, I need to. . . I gotta go.

AMANDA
Okay.

HAWKINS
I'll call you.

Hawkins exits, leaving Amanda utterly non-plussed. . . .

84. INT - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC and LAUGHTER as Hawkins enters the night club, ordering a drink at the bar where the Seals are laughing and drinking, chatting up the women. Leary catches sight of Hawkins and approaches, smiling:

LEARY
Hey, Lieutenant, where you been? Heard you had a new squeeze.

84. CONTINUED:

HAWKINS
Yeah. Squeeze. Huh.

LEARY
This must be a record. What is it, two weeks?

Hawkins laughs half-heartedly. Just then a bluff FORCE RECON MARINE LIEUTENANT walks up and slaps Hawkins on the back.

RECON MARINE
Hawkins! Thought I saw your ugly face walk in.

Hawkins nods and grunts non-comitally, obviously out of sorts.

RECON MARINE
Hey, what's wrong?

HAWKINS
Aaaa. . . I got reamed today.

RECON MARINE
Curran?

HAWKINS
That guy's got a such a stick up his ass.

RECON MARINE
Tell me about it. We were Mids together at the Academy. He *always* had a stick up his ass.

Hawkins stiffens suddenly, searing the Marine with a look — and in the next moment hauls off and SMASHES an elbow into his face. The Marine stumbles back, holding his mouth, shocked and stunned.

HAWKINS
Watch your mouth, asshole!

RECON MARINE
I just said what you said!

HAWKINS
I can say whatever I want — you keep your fuckin mouth shut!

85. INT - AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda fidgets anxiously, finally reaching for the phone and dialing. A beat then an answering machine with Hawkins' VOICE picks up:

HAWKINS (v.o.)
"Leave a message or die. Hawkins out."

85. CONTINUED:

AMANDA
Hi, it's me. Are you there? If you're there, pick up.
(pauses)
Okay, call me when you get in. 'Bye.

Amanda hangs up and folds her arms, worried. . . .

86. INT - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Several drinks later. Holly, the beautiful blonde from before, enters and takes a seat next to Hawkins who flinches with mock fright.

HAWKINS
Uh-oh.

He pretends to duck under the bar. Holly looks over and sniffs.

HOLLY
Surprised you even recognize me.

HAWKINS
Recognize you? How could I forget. Last time I saw you, you threw a drink in my face.

HOLLY
You said you couldn't remember my name.

HAWKINS
I was kidding.

HOLLY
Oh, yeah?

HAWKINS
Sure, we kid a lot here, doesn't mean anything.

HOLLY
Then what's my name?

HAWKINS
It's, uhhhhh. . . .

He squints at the ceiling. She reaches for her drink. He grabs her hand.

HAWKINS
I'm kidding, I'm kidding! Holly, right?

He smiles. She lets go of the drink and looks down, only partly mollified.

HOLLY
Right.

86. CONTINUED:

He leans close, pushing his mouth into a little-boy pout.

HAWKINS
Holly-girl. . . .

87. EXT - HAWKINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Amanda pulls up in her rental car and stops in front. Hawkins' G.T.O. is parked in the drive. Amanda gets out of the car and walks to the front door. She is about to ring the doorbell when strange o.s. SOUNDS stop her. She goes to the window and peers inside. . . .

Hawkins and Holly, both giggling drunk, Latin slow-dance to Celia Cruz across the littered living room floor. . . .

Amanda spins on her heel and walks back to her car as. . . .

88. INT - COMPUTER TERMINAL - DAY

Amanda sits at the terminal. Curran watches over her shoulder. She is out of sorts and barely hides it. After a beat:

CURRAN
You all right?

AMANDA
Fine, fine. . . look at this.

On the screen a series of figures scrolls by.

AMANDA
Every amount payed into the Greek corporation by the Islamic fundamentalists is matched by an identical amount payed in secretly by the Syrian embassy in Athens.

CURRAN
So Abu Shaheed is in bed with the Syrians, too. His friends'd kill him if they knew.

AMANDA
But it makes sense. With the collapse of Iran and the Islamic Revolution running out of steam, Abu Shaheed knows that if he wants to keep going he'll have to find another source of money. Meanwhile the Syrians want to keep their place in Lebanon secure and they're smart enough to play all sides.

CURRAN
I guess. But what's this got to do with the Stingers.

88. CONTINUED:

Amanda turns away from the computer and rubs her forehead wearily.

AMANDA
Maybe nothing. I don't know yet.

CURRAN
What's wrong?

Amanda looks at him and sighs, shaking her head as. . . .

89. INT - AMANDA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A KNOCK at the door. Amanda opens it. Hawkins steps in with a small bouquet, smiling bashfully.

HAWKINS
Hey.

AMANDA
Oh, how sweet. Wait a minute, I'll put them in water.

Hawkins watches as Amanda goes into the bathroom, dumps the flowers in the toilet, and flushes. Hawkins frowns hard.

AMANDA
I can't believe I was so stupid. I mean you stepped right out of the profile — the absolute typical special operations asshole.

HAWKINS
What's the problem?

AMANDA
Last night.

HAWKINS
(innocent)
Last night?

AMANDA
Don't treat me like an idiot.

A pause as Hawkins considers his alternatives. Finally:

HAWKINS
All right, look. Last night was something that just happened, I was out of my —

AMANDA
Oh, please. Next you'll say it didn't mean anything.

HAWKINS
It didn't, I swear!

89. CONTINUED:

AMANDA
Oh, God. . . .

HAWKINS
All right then, I'm sorry—

AMANDA
"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm an asshole, I admit it". That's all you ever say.

HAWKINS
Listen —

AMANDA
Like that means something, like that makes it all right.

HAWKINS
Look —

AMANDA
Jesus, when're you gonna grow up?

HAWKINS
(getting angry)
Grow up? Hey, give me a fuckin' —

AMANDA
I don't think you'll ever grow up, you're so busy running away from yourself.

HAWKINS
Hey, who're you, my mother?

AMANDA
(pointed)
No, I'm not your mother and that's the problem isn't it. I'm not good enough for you. Nobody is. I mean you're always talking about how much you like women but you treat us all like whores because that's what we are to you — except, of course for your mother, who was a saint.

HAWKINS
Hey!

AMANDA
But did she protect you from your father, that crud? Did she leave him? Or did she keep going back to him, even though he used to beat you all up? You sort of came off second best with her, didn't you? And ever since then you've been making the rest of us pay that bitch's freight.

(CONTINUED)

89. CONTINUED:(2)

HAWKINS
SHUT UP!

AMANDA
So Hawkins the big tough guy is really a mama's boy after all.

Hawkins raises his hand to slap her. Amanda nods contemptuously.

AMANDA
Uh-huh. Great. Then you'll finally be as much of a man as your father.

Hawkins lets his hand drop to his side. Amanda opens the door.

AMANDA
Goodbye, Hawkins.

Hawkins turns and walks out, slamming the door behind him as. . . .

90. EXT - NAVY YARD, DOCKS - DUSK

Curran and Amanda walk down the yard past the long, endless line of Navy vessels docked there.

CURRAN
Maybe he was telling the truth. Maybe it didn't mean anything. Never has before.

AMANDA
Then he's just a baby.

CURRAN
Not exactly. You know what next month is?

AMANDA
What? Re-enlistment?

CURRAN
His 30th birthday. Scary time, especially for someone like him. I mean no real background, no real base, he's had to make his way through life alone, just on pure ability. And he's a great operator, saved my life more than once. But he's never really commited to the idea of the Team, never really accepted deep down that he can't do it all himself, that he's got to rely on others. If he can't do that with the only family he's ever known, he damn sure can't do it with a woman. At least not for now.

AMANDA
I don't know. . . .

90. CONTINUED:

Amanda keeps walking, considering his words. Finally she stops and faces Curran:

AMANDA
And what about you?

CURRAN
What about me?

AMANDA
You're so secure, you don't have any of those fears. You're so. . . complete.

CURRAN
That a fact?

Curran looks at her and, around the edges of the eyes, we see his want. Amanda sees it too and gives him a look, at first sympathetic. But as she looks into his eyes a note of something else unexpectedly crosses her face, perhaps a glimmer of realization, even a hint of desire. Curran shifts uncomfortably and:

CURRAN
Let's get back to work.

They walk back toward the Headquarters building. . . .

91. INT - COMPUTER TERMINAL - DAY

Amanda and Curran sit at the terminal as Hawkins enters. Amanda and Hawkins both stiffen awkwardly on seeing each other.

HAWKINS
Hey.

Amanda nods briefly. Hawkins turns to Curran.

HAWKINS
What's up?

CURRAN
Think she's got something.

She points to the computer screen which shows a CV in Arabic and picture of a plump, bearded, robed MULLAH.

AMANDA
His name is Mohammed Hamza al Hamani, he's a well-to-do Shi'ite Sheikh. Lives in a villa on the waterfront in Sidon.

HAWKINS
Needs a bra.

91. CONTINUED:

AMANDA
He's the conduit for Al Shuhada's money.

CURRAN
You sure?

AMANDA
Positive. He's listed as chief officer of the Greek corporation. And that's not all. Look at the bank records? On the left are the amounts paid out by the Syrians and Islamic Fundamentalists into the corporation. On the right are deposits to Hamani's personal Swiss account. You can see he's pocketing half for himself.

HAWKINS
So even though he's an Islamic fundamentalist, he's still a regular guy.

AMANDA
(pauses, voice goes cold)
More than that. He holds religious retreats for Muslim children where he talks to them in a quiet voice about Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful while for the past 8 years he's planned a string of terrorist acts including a car-bombing in which an American diplomat's wife was killed.

CURRAN
And who was that?

AMANDA
My mother.

A pause while Curran and Hawkins react. Amanda gathers herself.

AMANDA
If anyone would know where the Stingers are, he would. And with what we have on him I bet we could make him talk.

HAWKINS
Sure, if we could just get our hands on him.

Curran and Amanda look at each other as. . . .

92. INT - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Amanda looks on while Curran briefs the Team, pointing to a wall map:

92. CONTINUED:

CURRAN
The target area's well within both Syrian and Israeli radar. Therefore Insertion will be by HALO.

Curran turns with a pointer to a scale model of Hamani's villa:

CURRAN
Most of the fighters are arrayed at the front of the villa on the assumption that any attack would come from the surrounding city. We will come out directly behind the villa, here. Hawkins will take squad B in through the cellar, I will take squad A in through the roof. Intelligence says that in addition to household servants and retainers, the baby has 3 bodyguards. Once they're hit and the target's taken down, Hawkins, you get down on this rear stairway and make sure everything stays under control for the extraction. Understood?

Hawkins nods. Curran finishes up:

CURRAN
We're going to be in too deep to risk compromise so *stay off the radios.* That's it. H-Hour is at 21:00.

93. EXT - AIR FIELD - NIGHT

We HEAR the ear-splitting WHINE of jet engines as a giant C141 transport plane waits on the runway. TITLE:

"Nicosia, Cyprus, 18:30 hrs"

Captain Dunne walks Curran to the plane:

CAPTAIN DUNNE
Assuming the rest of it goes okay, the big thing to worry about is the extraction. We're on the radar the second we start in so we only get one pass at it. Better be on time to the second because we won't be able to wait.

94. EXT - RUNWAY - NIGHT

The C141 takes off. . . .

95. EXT - SKY - NIGHT

The huge C141 climbs far up into the clouds of the night time sky. . . .

96. EXT - TROOP COMPARTMENT, C141 - NIGHT

In flight. The Seals, in chutes, air bottles, and full equipment, sit on the nylon jump seats in various positions, some poring over maps, others checking gear. . . .

97. EXT - STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

A full moon. The C141 flies into the lower stratosphere, far, far above the cloud cover, on the edge of space. We HEAR the C141 Pilot's VOICE:

C141 (v.o.)
"Uh, Black Fire this is X-Ray. Come in."

98. EXT - SKY ABOVE MEDITERANEAN - NIGHT

A U.S. Air Force AWAC with its giant, dish-shaped radome on top, flies over the shimmering, moonlit water.

AWAC (v.o.)
"X-Ray, this is Black Fire 6. We are open and ready for business."

C141 (v.o.)
"Uh, Iron Rifle, this is X-Ray. Awac has acquired."

99. INT - TROOP COMPARTMENT, C141 - NIGHT

Curran and Hawkins talk strategy over a map as a CREWMAN hands Curran a sheet of teletype paper.

CREWMAN
Weather is a go.

The Crewman turns and starts forward, passing Leary and Ramos.

LEARY
What's our altitude?

CREWMAN
About 30,000. Christ, you know that's almost 6 miles up? Practically outer space. You guys must be crazy.

RAMOS
(shrugs)
Gotta dare to be great.

100. EXT - SKY OVER MEDITERANEAN - NIGHT

AWAC (v.o.)
"X-Ray, this is Black Fire 6. You are approaching launch point."

101. INT - TROOP COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Curran turns to the Team, putting on his helmet:

CURRAN
Okay, the jump is on. Let's hat up.

102. INT - TROOP COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The Seals stand by the rear cargo bay, fully outfitted, oxygen masks in place.

LOUDSPEAKER (v.o.)
"Depressurizing."

The compartment quickly depressurizes and the big cargo ramp lowers, opening the whole rear of the aircract to the freezing, ripping, howling black outside. On the doorframe the light turns red.

LOUDSPEAKER (v.o.)
"Ready. . . ."

CURRAN
Allright, gentlemen — on green.

The Seals poise themselves on the brink of the ramp, looking out into black eternity. The light goes yellow, then:

HAWKINS
One more thing.

They turn and look at Hawkins, who frowns, mock- stern:

HAWKINS
For Godsake, be careful.

They share a moment's laugh, then the light goes green and:

CURRAN
Go! Go! Go. . . .

The Seals run down the ramp and into the blackness as. . . .

103. EXT - STRATOSPHERE - NIGHT

The stratosphere, like outer space — midnight blue illuminated by the light of the full moon and every star in the heavens. . . .

The Seals drift from the C141 in a line and free-fall, the rushing air drowning out all sound except:

AWAC (v.o.)
"Jump has commenced."

The Seals fly into a circular formation. . . .

103. CONTINUED:

AWAC (v.o.)
"Altitude 28,000 feet, airspeed 130 knots, approaching point of primary deployment."

The Seals pull their ripcords and the chutes explode from their backs into wing-shaped, para-foil canopies. The Seals fly in wedge formation, like hang-gliders, gliding forward and down, the cloud cover stretching out like a floor beneath them. . . .

104. EXT - CLOUD COVER - NIGHT

The Seals reach the top of the cloud cover and skim over it in the moonlight. . . .

AWAC (v.o.)
"Altitude 12,000 feet, airspeed 110 knots, approaching cut-away point."

The Seals hit toggles on their harnesses and instantly drop free of their chutes and plunge down into the cloud cover, once more in free-fall. . . .

105. EXT - BELOW CLOUDS - NIGHT

The clouds clear away to reveal the rocky, moonlit Lebanese coastline below. The Seals keep falling, drifting further and further in, the water getting bigger and bigger, alarmingly close. . . .

AWAC (v.o.)
"Altitude 1300 feet, airspeed 120 knots, approaching point of main deployment."

The water coming up with terrifying speed, the Seals again pull ripcords and this time their main chutes open and jerk them to a slow downward drift. In a few moments. . . .

106. EXT - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The infinite emerald green is torn open by a giant white splash as the Seals plunge into the water.

AWAC (v.o.)
"Touchdown — they're on their own."

They quickly slip out of their parachute harnesses and start swimming inland. . . .

107. EXT - HARBOR BEHIND VILLA - NIGHT

A small sleepy harbor. The Seals surface in the center of the harbor and tread water in a circle, pulling off their face masks. Curran points:

CURRAN
There it is.

107. CONTINUED:

An empire-style mansion stands at the edge of the water, overlooking the harbor. 2 SENTRIES patrol the rear veranda. The lights of the port city of Sidon stretch out beyond.

CURRAN
Everybody good?

REXER
Golden.

CURRAN
Let's do it.

They move out as. . . .

108. EXT - VILLA - NIGHT

Up on the rear veranda, Ramos and Leary pounce on the two sentries from behind, plunging knives into their carotid arteries and dragging them, twitching, to the ground. . . .

The rest of the Seals hit the veranda and split into two groups: Hawkins, Ramos, Leary, and Graham make their way around the side of the house to the cellar, Leary picking the lock on the cellar door while Curran, Rexer, and Dane silently scale the rear wall. . . .

109. EXT - FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT

6 well armed SENTRIES stand in the courtyard, guarding the front of the villa, scanning the street beyond, unaware that. . . .

110. EXT - WALL - NIGHT

Curran, Dane, and Rexer reach a 3rd floor window. Dane opens it with a glass cutter and they enter the house. . . .

111. INT - CELLAR - NIGHT

Hawkins, Ramos, Leary, and Graham start up the cellar stairs. . . .

112. INT - VILLA, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

4 SERVANTS (including a 10 year old BOY) recoil and gasp as Hawkins, Ramos, Leary, and Graham quickly enter the downstairs foyer of the sternly appointed villa and throw down on them, Ramos whispering hoarsely in Arabic for them to be silent. Hawkins and Leary charge up the stairs as. . . .

113. INT - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dane stands watch while Curran and Rexer creep down the stairs to the 2nd floor. . . .

114. INT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hamani lies on the bed in white robe and turban, placidly watching an old, dubbed episode of "The Brady Bunch" on a color TV. Two of his BODYGUARDS sit in reclining chairs, watching with him. . . .

115. INT - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Outside, the 3rd BODYGUARD walks down the hallway with 4 Cokes as Hawkins and Leary come around a corner and BLAST him with their silenced pistols. Hawkins and Leary get set by the door to the master bedroom. Hawkins knocks. . . .

116. INT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hamani absently tells them to come in, still engrossed in "The Brady Bunch". A beat then the door swings open. Hawkins FIRES two silenced shots and the bodyguards topple over backward in their chairs. Hamani sits up with a start but Hawkins covers him:

HAWKINS
Freeze, idiot.

Hamani recoils, exclaiming in Arabic. Hawkins jabs him with his gun.

HAWKINS
Okay, Abdul, let's get this straight — that man-o'-God stuff doesn't cut any ice with me. I wipe my ass with pictures of the Ayatollah so don't give me any grief or I'll blow your brains right through that dirty diaper on your head! Got it?
(pauses, glances at TV)
Is that the Brady Bunch? You fuck!

Hawkins jabs him again as Curran enters, turning to Hamani:

CURRAN
Lieutenant James J. Curran, United States Navy — and you, sir, are my prisoner.

HAMANI
All right, Lieutenant, all right. . . .
(points at Hawkins)
. . . . but this one is crazy.

CURRAN
(to Hawkins)
Get down on the stairway.

Hawkins exits with a nod. Curran and Rexer start to bind and blindfold Hamani as. . . .

117. INT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Unseen in the adjoining bathroom, a 4TH BODYGUARD crouches by the door with a pistol. . . .

118. INT - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Hawkins comes down the front stairs through the foyer where the other Seals are binding up the servants. He walks back to the stairs leading to the rear veranda and the water, covering it with his H&K, in clear command of the entire downstairs situation.

HAWKINS
Okay, everything's cool, everybody sit tight, we're outta here in 30 seconds.

Meanwhile Ramos is questioning the 10 year old Boy in Arabic, offering him gum. The Boy shakes his head. Ramos offers him a pack of Marlboros. The Boy snatches them and speaks. After a beat:

RAMOS
That's wierd. The kid says there's five bodyguards.

HAWKINS
Intelligence said three.

RAMOS
Kid says five.

A beat while Hawkins thinks quickly and:

HAWKINS
Shit!

Hawkins dashes back through the foyer and up the front stairs.

GRAHAM
Hawkins, wait!

Just then a MANSERVANT makes a dash for the front door.

RAMOS
Look out!

Graham FIRES a silenced burst, misses as the Manservant opens the door and scrambles through it. Graham dashes outside after him. . . .

119. INT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The 4th Bodyguard jumps from the bathroom behind Curran, about to fire. Curran swings around, raising his pistol, just as Hawkins flashes in, FIRING his H&K and stitching the Bodyguard to the bathroom wall.

HAWKINS
Savin' your life's gettin' to be my life's work.

CURRAN
Get back on the stairs!

Hawkins dashes from the room and rushes back downstairs as. . . .

120. EXT - OUTSIDE, FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT

The Manservant runs into the front courtyard. Graham vaults down the front steps of the villa and tackles him. . . .

121. INT - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

An unseen 5TH BODYGUARD comes out of the kitchen into the hallway behind Ramos, AK-47 in hand, about to fire. . . .

Hawkins dives around the corner and FIRES. The Bodyguard falls forward, knocking the shocked Ramos to the floor. He looks at Hawkins.

RAMOS
Five?

HAWKINS
Five.

122. EXT - OUTSIDE, FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT

The Manservant screams. Graham lays him out with a punch. The nearby Al Shuhada Guards turn toward the sound. Graham dashes frantically back to the stairs. The Guards FIRE. One shouts into his walkie-talkie, rousing the neighborhood. Now all hell breaks loose. . . .

123. INT - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

The Seals inside jolt at the sound of the shots as Curran and Rexer drag Hamani down the front stairs.

CURRAN
Let's go!

124. EXT - STREET IN FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT

2 JEEPS full of Al Shuhada FIGHTERS roar up in front of the villa and charge into the courtyard, joining the Guards. . . .

125. EXT - OUTSIDE, FRONT OF VILLA - NIGHT

Bullets spang into the stair, blocking Graham's way. He dashes around the side of the villa. The Guards and Fighters give chase as. . . .

126. EXT - REAR OF VILLA - NIGHT

The Seals, with Hamani in tow, rush down the back stairs to the rear veranda and onto the wharf just as a Navy Seafox SPEEDBOAT streaks into the harbor and spins to a stop in front of the villa with a giant rooster tail of water rushing up in its wake. The Seals scramble aboard with Hamani. Curran looks around:

CURRAN
Where's Graham?

RAMOS
There!

126. CONTINUED:

Ramos points to where Graham comes tearing around the side of the villa, pursuers hot on his heels, FIRING wildly.

CURRAN
Graham! Come on!

The others shout and give covering FIRE as Graham keeps running. The SEAFOX HELMSMAN shouts to Curran:

SEAFOX HELMSMAN
We're already on the Syrian radar, we can't wait!

CURRAN
Graham!

Just as Graham is within 30 yards of the wharf he suddenly takes a burst in the legs and falls sprawling on the paving stones.

HAWKINS
GRAHAM!

Suddenly a 20mm round EXPLODES in the water next to their boat as. . .

On shore, at the other end of the harbor, 3 more FIGHTERS FIRE a jeep-mounted anti-aircraft gun at the boat. . . .

SEAFOX HELMSMAN
LIEUTENANT!

The Seals scream, but Graham can't move. Hawkins starts to jump off but the others jerk him back as the boat takes off. The Seals keep screaming as the pursuers envelope Graham and:

ADMIRAL (v.o.)
Not your fault, Lieutenant. . . .

127. INT - OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE - DAY

A haunted-looking Curran faces the group as the Admiral speaks:

ADMIRAL
. . . . it was clearly unavoidable.

CURRAN
Nevertheless. . . .

ADMIRAL
(turns to Amanda)
What about our prisoner? Has he told you anything yet?

128. INT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Hamani, looking smug in Navy coveralls, sits in the middle of the bare room while 2 CIVILIAN TYPES question him.

(CONTINUED)

128. CONTINUED:

HAMANI
I have nothing to say.

1ST CIVILIAN TYPE
Listen, you better start cooperating.

HAMANI
Why? What will you do? I am not afraid. What will you do?

2ND CIVILIAN TYPE
What do you think your friends would do if the contents of your Swiss bank account were made public?

HAMANI
(emphatic)
I have nothing too say.

129. INT - ROOM - DAY

Amanda sits by herself in the next room, watching Hamani through a two-way mirror, her face a mixture of fascination and revulsion. After a beat she gets up and exits disgustedly as. . . .

130. INT - CELLAR - NIGHT

Graham, ragged, bloody, and barely recognizable, huddles on the dirt floor of a cellar. A bar of light appears on the floor as a door opens and Abu Shaheed enters. Graham looks up.

ABU SHAHEED
You know who I am?

Graham remains silent. Abu Shaheed nods, smiling slightly.

ABU SHAHEED
You know who I am.

131. INT - HALLWAY - DAY

Amanda walks down the hall of the headquarters building. Hawkins comes around a corner, spots her, and waves. She keeps walking.

HAWKINS
Amanda? Hey, come on, wait up!

She stops, sighs, not amused. He catches up, grinning:

HAWKINS
I want to talk to you.

AMANDA
About what?

131. CONTINUED:

HAWKINS
Hey, come on, don't give me that look.
(little boy pout)
Mandy-girl. . . .

AMANDA
(keeps walking)
Look, I'm busy.

HAWKINS
(grabs her arm)
Wait a minute!

She pulls her arm away, more irritated than angry, as Curran enters.

CURRAN
What's going on?

AMANDA
Nothing. . . .

Hawkins looks at both of them then holds up his hands, sneering:

HAWKINS
Oh, hey, sorry if I'm intruding.

Hawkins walks off quickly. Curran looks at Amanda, confused.

CURRAN
What the hell is going on?

AMANDA
Nothing, believe me. . . .
(exhales wearily)
. . . . absolutely nothing.

132. EXT - BREAKWATER - DAY

Curran and Amanda stroll along the deserted breakwater.

AMANDA
Once you're not interested anymore his act really wears thin. I mean now it's embarassing, he just seems pathetic.
(stops, sighs)
I can't believe I was ever interested in him.
(pauses, turns to Curran)
But you knew, right from the beginning, you said we were both making a mistake. How did you know?

He steps closer and looks down at her, saying very quietly:

CURRAN
I know a lot of things.

132. CONTINUED:

That look again. Now time seems to move very slowly.

AMANDA
Like what?

He takes her into his arms, touching her hair lingeringly. She looks at him wonderingly — why hadn't she seen it all before — then leans her head back gently and puts her arms around his neck. They are about to kiss when Leary suddenly runs up, breathless, his manner ominous:

LEARY
Sorry, Lieutenant. Something just came in. You better look at it.

A brief, painful moment where both fight their want, then Curran disengages himself, shaking his head wistfully.

CURRAN
No time.

She grabs his arm, trying futilely to hold on to the moment. But he smiles sadly, gesturing to her hand:

CURRAN
Remove that.

133. INT - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

The Team and Amanda watch in total silence as a video tape is played on the big screen TV showing a glassy-eyed, near-dead looking Graham in front of a plain backdrop, dully reading a message to the camera:

GRAHAM (on TV)
". . . . and I am clearly a murderer and war criminal. Why does my government continue to deny the Islamic Revolution? Why do they continue to commit war crimes in the name of human rights?"

The tape ends. Curran comes up and faces the Team.

CURRAN
That was received yesterday. His body was found today by United Nations forces on a dirt road near Tyre. He'd been tortured, beaten to death in fact. There was a note in his pocket saying: "Now there is no such thing as hostages." I thought you all should know. That's all.

Curran steps down. The Seals remain seated in various despairing postures, still silent. Amanda gets up and strides purposefully out. . . .

134. INT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Amanda enters. The Civilian types are still working on Hamani.

(CONTINUED)

134. CONTINUED:

1ST CIVILIAN TYPE
If your people knew you're in with the Syrians they'd kill you!

HAMANI
I have nothing to say.

AMANDA
Mind if I try something?

135. INT - CURRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Curran sits at his desk, head in his hands. He looks up as Hawkins enters. It's obvious that neither is in his right mind.

HAWKINS
Hey.

CURRAN
Come on in.

HAWKINS
Some deal, huh?

CURRAN
Never in the history of the Seal Teams has a single Team member been left behind. Not in Vietnam, not once. Ever. Until now.

Hawkins nods, sighing miserably. . . .

136. INT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Amanda speaks to Hamani in rapid-fire Arabic. A beat, then Hamani turns to the civilians.

HAMANI
All right, I talk. I talk now.

The Civilians look at each other in shock, then the 2nd Civilian starts questioning him while the 1st takes Amanda aside.

1ST CIVILIAN TYPE
What did you say to him?

AMANDA
I said that if he talked he'd get a new identity and a 7-Eleven in Fort Lauderdale — and if he didn't we'd hand him over to the Israelis.

137. INT - CURRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Back in Curran's office, things are getting heated now.

137. CONTINUED:

CURRAN
Look, Hawkins, I'm not saying it's entirely anybody's fault. In fact I bear the full responsibilty in the end—

HAWKINS
Yeah, I was wondering when you were gonna get around to this.

CURRAN
I told you to stay on that staircase.

HAWKINS
You're saying that if I stayed on the staircase, I might've stopped that rag that got away. That's bullshit!

CURRAN
I realize it was a mistake, an honest mistake, but it's one that we're gonna have to live—

HAWKINS
All I did was save your life.

CURRAN
If that's true, then personally I'm grateful, but saving my life wasn't the mission, the mission—

HAWKINS
I saved your life!

CURRAN
You disobeyed an order!

Curran pauses and collects himself. After a beat:

CURRAN
All right, look — I just think it'd be a good idea for all concerned if you transferred out of the Teams.

HAWKINS
Why? You feel cramped?

Curran stops and looks at Hawkins, his brow furrowing. After a beat:

CURRAN
What's that supposed mean?

HAWKINS
You've had you're eye on her for a while. With me out of the way you can—

137. CONTINUED:(2)

CURRAN
You think that's what this is all about?

HAWKINS
Well, after all, you saw her first.

Curran gets up, closes the door, and pulls his blouse. Hawkins snorts.

HAWKINS
Are you kidding? Sit down, Curran.

Curran pushes the desk aside. Hawkins stands.

HAWKINS
Sit down or you're gonna get hurt.

Curran just glares at him. A beat, then:

HAWKINS
All right. Get your time, sucker.

Hawkins takes a deadly looking karate stance. Curran unceremoniously DRILLS him with a straight right hand. Hawkins drops in an astonished heap. He bounds up, throwing a vicious series of kicks and punches. But Curran merely bobs and weaves under them, dances back, then HAMMERS Hawkins with a boxer's hook-right-hook-hook combination, driving him back against the wall and back down to the floor. Hawkins shakes his head, snorting blood from his nose.

CURRAN
Get up.

Hawkins rises again and lunges at Curran with a side kick. Curran drops him with another straight right. Just then Ramos enters and recoils, appalled at the sight of his officers fighting. After a beat:

HAWKINS
He made a pass at me. I had to slap him.

RAMOS
(turns to Curran)
They need to see you right away.

138. EXT - OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE - DAY

Amanda adresses the group. On the wall behind her are a series of incredibly detailed, computer enhanced satellite photos of a city street.

AMANDA
The missiles are already in Lebanon. In fact, they're being held for immediate deployment by Abu Shaheed himself once he trains his fighters in their use.

ADMIRAL
Where?

138. CONTINUED:

Curran's face clouds as realization steals over him. Then, to himself:

CURRAN
I don't believe it.

AMANDA
In a ruined tenement house on Rafiq Street in the Shi'ite slums. . .
(takes a breath)
. . . of South Beirut.

A pause as the others react. Several moments, then:

1ST CIVILIAN TYPE
That's in the Borj El Brajne district. It backs right up into Beirut International Airport. They're going to start taking out airliners.

2ND CIVILIAN TYPE
Air strike. Smart bombs. Now, today, before they're moved.

ADMIRAL
Even with smart bombs, how can we be sure we got them all, that they haven't been dispersed. Only sure way is to take out the whole block. We're going to kill hundreds of innocent civilians.

CURRAN
(to himself)
I don't believe it.

1ST CIVILIAN
If those Stingers are used against airliners they could kill thousands. And incidentally, the world won't say they were killed by terrorists, they'll say they were killed by terrorists using United States Government ordnance.

AMANDA
Either way Al Shuhada winds up with a new batch of martyrs, courtesy of the USA.

2ND CIVILIAN TYPE
What else can we do?

A pause as everyone looks over at Curran, who says out loud:

CURRAN
I don't believe it.

139. INT - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Curran stands at a map, adressing the Team:

CURRAN
Okay, that's it, "the Root", full of narrow streets and blind alleys in a continuous state of war for close to 10 years. Like hell on earth, only worse — at least in hell you know who's in charge. Between the Shi'ites, Christians, Druze, and Palestinians there are no fewer than 8 major warring groups and literally hundreds of minor factions shooting at each other all at once — and on top of that there's the Syrian Army hosing anything that moves with Soviet armor. Against that, we have the promise of Hizbollah that they'll guide us to target.

RAMOS
But Hizbollah hates us as much as Al Shuhada. We go in there on their turf, what's to stop them from turning on us?

CURRAN
It's their own people they'd lose in an air strike.

DANE
What would you say are our chances of reaching target?

CURRAN
Assuming we're on our toes, I would say. . . decent.

RAMOS
What's our chances of getting out?

CURRAN
Probably. . . marginal.

The Seals react, exchanging looks, then:

REXER
Well, that sort of clears the air.

CURRAN
Of course, that being the case, they're asking for volunteers. But before you make up your minds let me just say I don't think that taking out those missiles and stopping the air strike is going to make a damn bit of difference in the long run. Those poor bastards are going to keep getting it in the neck no matter what
(more)

(CONTINUED)

139. CONTINUED:

CURRAN (continued)
we do.

RAMOS
You going, Mr. Curran?

Curran shrugs, nods reluctantly. Ramos raises his hand.

RAMOS
Then I'm going.

Rexer raises his hand. Hawkins looks at him like he's crazy.

HAWKINS
What're you doing?

REXER
Testing my threshold of mortality.

Now Dane and Leary raise their hands. Hawkins grimaces in disbelief.

HAWKINS
Come on, get killed for a buncha booger-eaters?
(pauses, shrugs, raises hand)
Okay.

140. INT - HALLWAY - DAY

The Seals come out of the Situation Room. Leary walks next to Hawkins.

HAWKINS
So how 'bout this bullshit, huh?

LEARY
Make you a deal. What happened to Graham — don't let it happen to me and I won't let it happen to you. Deal?

HAWKINS
Deal.

LEARY
No matter what.

HAWKINS
You got it.

141. INT - TRANSPORT PLANE - DAY

We HEAR the hum of the engines as the Seals pull off their dog tags.

CURRAN
This has got to be completely non-attributable. No dog tags, no ID of any kind.

141. CONTINUED:

Curran holds up a complex-looking radio transmitter.

CURRAN
We get on site and blow the target in time, we transmit the abort code on this. The carrier'll pick it up and tell the fighters to abort on our signal.

HAWKINS
That's if we make it.

142. EXT - AT SEA - NIGHT

The night sea and the massive silhouette of the aircraft carrier USS Dwight D. Eisenhower looms on the horizon. TITLE:

"Mediteranean Sea, 24:00 hrs"

143. EXT - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

We HEAR the high whine of helicopter turbines as the Seals, in tan Syrian Army fatigues and carrying AK-47s, climb into a blacked-out CH47. Captain Dunne and Amanda see them off, shaking hands. Then Amanda turns to Curran and Hawkins.

AMANDA
My God. . . good luck.

HAWKINS
(awkward)
When this is over, uh. . . oh, Jesus, never mind.

Hawkins looks away. Amanda turns to Curran, who looks at her fondly.

CURRAN
When it's over.

Curran and Amanda hold each other's gaze as a flight deck CREWMAN raises his hands and the chopper lifts off into the night. . . .

144. INT - HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Somewhere far off the coast and the Seals pull a Zodiac rubber boat to the rear ramp of the chopper and. . . .

145. EXT - COASTLINE - NIGHT

A sparse outline of lights illuminate the skeleton of Beirut, a hunched, ragged, skeleton of a city perched over the coast like a vulture, its silhouette occasionally altered for an instant by faint, sporadic FLASHES of RPG hits and light artillery, the incessant rattle of distant SMALL ARMS FIRE in different parts of the city collecting into one faint, continuous hum, a murmur of death. . . .

The Seals pull toward shore in their Zodiac, each studying the sight in

145. CONTINUED:

the distance before them, their faces a mixture awe and aprehension.

LEARY
You believe that?

REXER
Warning — trespassers will be shot, survivors will be shot again.

CURRAN
Remember, this is the extraction point, 100 yards offshore. There'll be a sub standing by to pick us up. Any of us who are left try to make it back here the best way we can.

HAWKINS
This is so fucked.

146. EXT - BEACH - NIGHT

The Seals pull their boat ashore and ditch it in a cluster of rocks then start up the beach, looking around warily. Curran turns to Hawkins:

CURRAN
Time?

HAWKINS
Three hours.

LEARY
Where's our contact?

CURRAN
Can't wait. Let's move out.

The Seals wrap khaki Bedouin *kaffiyeh* scarves around their heads, concealing their nationality, unsling their weapons, and move out in a line. They are almost to the road when we suddenly HEAR the SOUND of an automatic rifle bolt being slammed home behind them. They freeze instantly. Curran turns around slowly as a gaunt, utterly impassive-looking 14 year old BOY with an AK-47 steps from the shadows behind them, the light from a distant fire flickering in his dead eyes.

CURRAN
You from Hizbollah?

BOY
Ali.

The boy turns a walks up the beach with out another word. A beat, then the Team follows. . . .

147. EXT - CORNICHE - NIGHT

The Team, with Ali in the lead, makes its way down the Corniche

147. CONTINUED:

waterfront promenade past a sign with an international "No Tanks" symbol. Dane points to a nearby, unattended Land Rover:

DANE
Don't we get to ride?

CURRAN
Cars get stopped. Safer to walk.

148. EXT - STREETS - NIGHT

The Team walks along the dark side street past the ruins of an old French hotel. Reaching a main thoroughfare, Ali motions for them to stop and points around the corner. . . .

A squad of CHRISTIAN MILITIAMEN are on the far side of the next intersection, lounging and dozing near their truck-mounted recoiless rifle and blocking the Team's way. . . .

Ali motions for the Seals to wait and dashes into the ruins of the hotel, coming out unseen on the next street directly in front of the Christians. Ali takes a tupperware bowl and a string of firecrackers from his knapsack. he lights the fuse, closes the lid, and hurls the bowl into the street opposite the Christian check point. . . .

A beat, then the firecrackers go off in rapid succession. The Christians jerk awake and immediately start FIRING wildly down the street, hosing the entire block. ANSWERING FIRE follows immediately from somewhere in the distance. . .

Ali and the Team hustle across the thoroughfare into the next block, unseen by the still-firing Christians. Hawkins shakes his head:

HAWKINS
This is so wierd.

149. EXT - RUBBLE - NIGHT

Ali leads the Team through a vast warren of crumbling, burned-out, blown-up concrete wreckage and rubble. The Seals look around in awe.

REXER
Dark side of the moon.

LEARY
What the hell is this?

HAWKINS
The Green Line. Dividing line between
east and west Beirut. Where the action is.

Indeed, there is sporadic GUNFIRE in the distance all around them. Ali points to the different sources:

ALI
Falange. . . Druze. . . Palestinian. . .
(more)

(CONTINUED)

149. CONTINUED:

ALI (continued)
Syrian. . . Amal. . . Hizbollah. . . Al Shuhada. . . .

Finally he points to the LIGHTS of a JET crossing over the mountains on the far night horizon.

ALI
Israel.

150. EXT - OUTSIDE SOCCER STADIUM - NIGHT

The Team makes its way past the wreckage of a bombed-out soccer stadium. Curran turns to Hawkins:

CURRAN
Time?

HAWKINS
Two hours and ten minutes.

Ali suddenly points to MOVEMENT in the dark street to their right.

CURRAN
In here!

They hustle into the nearby tunnel entrance to the stadium and. . . .

151. INT - INSIDE TUNNEL - NIGHT

The Team dashes into the pitch black tunnel. Ramos looks around with a flashlight, his beam hitting a stack of brand new Sony VCRs.

RAMOS
What the hell. . . .

Suddenly his beam hits 4 Arab GUNMEN huddled beside the VCRs. . . .

The scene EXPLODES into gunfire, silenced bursts strobing around the tunnel rapidly. . . .

The firing stops. Ali stands frozen in shock. After a beat he hits his flashlight. All 5 gunmen lie motionless in various postions around the tunnel. Ali looks at the Seals, vaguely impressed.

CURRAN
Anybody hit?

REXER
We're good.

The Seals start rifling the bodies, kicking away their guns. Hawkins opens a bullet-riddled knapsack out of which pours white powder.

HAWKINS
Cocaine. They're smugglers.

(CONTINUED)

151. CONTINUED:

ALI
(nods)
Druze.

One of the gunmen, playing posum, suddenly leaps up behind Curran with a small Soviet Makarov pistol but Hawkins drills him before he can fire. Curran nods appreciatively as Hawkins pries the Makarov out of the Druze's hand.

CURRAN
That *is* getting to be your life's work.

HAWKINS
Shitty little gun. . . Come on.

152. EXT - STADIUM - NIGHT

The Seals move out into the middle of the Stadium. Suddenly a bullet SPANGS into the ground at their feet. They duck into the rubble near the edge of the grandstands. All around we HEAR the sounds of movement.

RAMOS
They're all around us!

Curran points to a shell hole leading to the grandstands above.

CURRAN
Dane, see if you can work your way to high ground and give us some cover.

Dane nods and climbs up through the shell hole into the darkness as Curran turns to Rexer, pointing to the tunnel on the opposite side.

HAWKINS
This is completely fucked! We gotta get outta here.

153. EXT - TOP OF GRANDSTAND - NIGHT

Dane is perched on top of the opposite grandstand, big rifle at the ready.

DANE
Bad Karma, this is God. I'm in position about 100 meters to the left of your position. I'm—

Suddenly a DRUZE FIGHTER springs from the darkness behind him and FIRES his AK. As the 7.62mm slugs rip into him, Dane spins around and FIRES his rifle point blank at the Druze, blowing him COMPLETELY IN HALF before he himself falls in a bloody heap.

CURRAN (v.o.)
"God, this is Bad Karma. . . ."

154. EXT - STADIUM - NIGHT

Dane's rifle blast still echoes as Curran speaks into his radio:

CURRAN
. . . .come in, son.

No answer. Curran and Hawkins exchange worried looks. Ali points to the north exit:

ALI
This way.

CURRAN
I'll go with him, try to draw them off. Hawkins, wait till they start shooting, then take the others to the south exit.

Curran and Ali take off, Ali leading the way through the rubble. . . .

Hawkins, Ramos, and Leary take off . . . .

More FIRE from the grandstands. . . .

Bullets riccochet around Curran and Ali, but they keep moving. . . .

The others reach the south exit. The Druze in the grandstand keep firing, their muzzle flashes now visible from the south exit. . . .

Bullets whiz all over Curran and Ali as they reach the north exit and dive behind a wall. . . .

Hawkins and Leary leap up and lob 2 grenades into the Druze position. The grenades DETONATE with a flash, killing the Druze instantly. . . .

Curran and Ali crouch behind the wall near the north exit.

REXER (v.o.)
"Bad Karma, this is Race Riot, you're clear."

Currran and Ali turn to move but freeze, suddenly FACE-TO-FACE with 2 MORE DRUZE FIGHTERS who were crouched unseen behind the wall with them. The 2 Druze have the drop on them with guns pointed at their heads, hissing in Arabic. Curran speaks into his mike:

CURRAN
Race Riot, this is Bad Karma. I've got company.

1ST DRUZE FIGHTER
You are American?!

Suddenly seething, both Druze jab their guns into him, about to fire. Curran gasps:

154. CONTINUED:

CURRAN
God, God, God . . . .

1ST DRUZE FIGHTER
Your god doesn't help you now!

And at that precise instant an armor-piercing .50 caliber bullet SMASHES through the wall and into the 1st Druze, reducing his chest to vapor. The 2nd Druze's jaw drops as. . . .

155. EXT - TOP OF GRANDSTAND - NIGHT

Scope on thermal, a pale, bloody, but still alive Dane crouches at the top of the grandstand, cranking another round into his smoking rifle and:

DANE
All yuppies must die.

Dane FIRES. . . .

The bullet pierces the wall and VAPORIZES the 2nd Druze. . . .

Dane drops his rifle and falls as. . . .

156. EXT - OUTSIDE STADIUM - NIGHT

The Seals wait outside the stadium as Ramos trots up with Dane's rifle.

CURRAN
Dane?

RAMOS
He's dead.

A moment as Curran and the others react. Curran turns to Hawkins:

CURRAN
Time?

HAWKINS
Fifty-six minutes. We gotta move!

157. EXT - SOUTH BEIRUT STREET - NIGHT

The Shi'ite slums of South Beirut. The first blue hint of approaching dawn shows around the edges of the horizon as the Team makes its way down a shabby street with ragged laundry hanging from every window and pictures of Khomeini plastered over every wall.

ALI
Here Al Shuhada.

HAWKINS
(looking around)
Man, you're not kidding.

157. CONTINUED:

They keep walking, stopping near the corner where a vigilant band of AL SHUHADA FIGHTERS have set up a checkpoint. Ali motions the Seals into an alley and leads them to the mouth of a sewage culvert. They crawl in as. . . .

158. EXT - NEXT STREET - NIGHT

The other end of the culvert. The Seals crawl out and find themselves in the next street at the base of a hill, on the other side of the checkpoint. Ali points up the hill.

ALI
There.

The Seals look. At the top of the hill stands a familiar looking tenement building. Curran looks at Ali.

ALI
I go.

CURRAN
Thanks.

Curran holds out his hand. Ali stares at it with his dead eyes then turns on his heel and walks off into the night without a word. A beat, then the Seals start up the hill. . . .

159. EXT - HILL - NIGHT

The Seals crouch in the shadows across from the dark target building. Ramos scans it with Dane's rifle, scope on thermal . . . .

POV SCOPE: like X-ray, the thermal images clearly show the various outlines of sleeping men, rifles — and the MISSILES.

RAMOS
There they are.

LEARY
Well blast 'em with Dane's rifle and let's get outta here.

CURRAN
They're spread out on different floors. It'll take at least four shots — and we only get *one* bang before this whole neighborhood comes down on our heads. We'll have to blow the building.

REXER
I can set the charges to blow in and up. Blow out a few windows and vaporize anybody on the sidewalk but as long as nobody's on the street, the blast shouldn't hurt anyone except the intended.

159. CONTINUED:

CURRAN
Time?

HAWKINS
Eighteen minutes.

CURRAN
Let's do it before the jets get here.

160. EXT - CARRIER - DAWN

The deafening BLAST of jet engnes as 3 F-15s streak away from the carrier toward the coast. . . .

161. EXT - BUILDING - DAWN

The cold blue light of dawn as Rexer sets the last charges against the wall of the building while the other keep watch. Off to one side, Hawkins turns to Curran.

HAWKINS
Look, I've been thinking about it and. . .
You were right. About everything.

Curran looks at him, surprised. Hawkins is as inarticulate about such things as ever but because of the circumstances his words seem especially heartfelt.

HAWKINS
I just wanted to tell you that before. . . you know.

Curran smiles slightly, about to say something when:

LEARY
Three minutes.

162. EXT - SKY ABOVE COAST - DAWN

The F-15s hit the coast at treetop level and turn in toward the city. . . .

163. EXT - HILL - DAWN

The Seals are crouched behind a parked car 75 yards from the building. Rexer adjusts the detonator while Ramos scans the southern sky with binoclulars and Leary checks his watch.

LEARY
Minute forty five. . . .

RAMOS
I got three F-15s to the south.

Ramos points to the south where 3 flying SHAPES can be seen over the horizon. Rexer works feverishly. . . .

163. CONTINUED:

LEARY
Minute fifteen. . . .

CURRAN
Stand by with the abort code.

RAMOS
They're starting their attack run.

As the jets level out for attack, Rexer finally finishes and:

REXER
Blow it.

Curran's hand snakes toward the detonator, about to hit the switch when he suddenly stops and points:

CURRAN
Look!

The others look toward the building where, as if in a nightmare, 6 CHILDREN suddenly appear on the sidewalk directly in front of the entrance, playing and giggling in the first early morning light.

LEARY
One minute. . . .

HAWKINS
Blow it!

CURRAN
No, no, no, NO!

Curran bolts and starts running up the street toward the building.

HAWKINS
CURRAN!

Curran runs up to the children, howling at the top of his lungs and waving his arms in the doorway like a madman. They scream and run away in terror at the sight of the deranged westerner as. . . .

Drawn by the noise, Abu Shaheed comes out of a doorway across the street with an AK-47, freezing as he sees Curran. . . .

Curran spins around and freezes, suddenly realizing he's exposed and helpless. . . .

Curran's eyes. . . .

Abu Shaheed's eyes. . . .

Abu Shaheed glances down the street, sees the Seals gesturing frantically by the parked car, and looks back at Curran. . . .

Curran pushes out his hands, shaking his head. . . .

163. CONTINUED:(2)

Abu Shaheed looks at him with something almost like compassion, almost as if he understands — and then he FIRES. . . .

Curran spins around and falls to his knees in the doorway, clutching his stomach, muttering under his breath:

CURRAN
I don't believe it.

Hawkins hand covers his mouth in horror. Ramos FIRES at Abu Shaheed who dives back into his own doorway.

LEARY
Forty five seconds. . . .

Still kneeling in the doorway, Curran looks up at the rapidly approaching jets, then over at Hawkins — and then he crosses himself. Hawkins understands. Never taking his eyes from his friend's face, Hawkins brings his hand to the detonator and. . . .

Curran disappears in the huge BLAST, the whole building going up with an orange flash, followed instantly by the 6 white flashes of the exploding Stingers. . . .

Ramos pushes the code button on the transmitter with a beep and moments later the jets overhead pull out and bank away. . . .

His face stricken, Hawkins stares down the street at the huge cloud of smoke and dust. Moments later, we HEAR shouting and several ARMED FIGURES approach, FIRING. . . .

Hawkins keeps staring while the others get up to move.

REXER
Come on.
(grabs his shoulder)
Lieutenant, come on.

Rexer drags him away with the others. . . .

164. EXT - NEXT STREET - DAWN

The scene explodes into a running GUN BATTLE as the Seals retreat down the next street, exchanging fire with the now aroused AL SHUHADA FIGHTERS all around them. . . .

The Al Shuhada men concentrate at the head of the street and advance, FIRING. . . .

The Seals take up a position at the end of the street and RETURN FIRE, driving them back. . . .

The firing stops. Several confused moments go by, then Rexer points.

164. CONTINUED:

REXER
What the fuck is that?

A new Mercedes 500 SE drives up with horn honking and a white flag on the antenna. The Seals watch in amazement as 2 middle-aged AL SHUHADA ELDERS in slacks and nylon sport shirts get out. . . .

REVERSE angle shows the Elder on the passenger side holds an AK-47 behind the door. . . .

The Al Shuhada Elders approach the Seals, holding out their hands and smiling unctuously, like talk show hosts.

1ST AL SHUHADA ELDER
Please, please, let us stop the killing.

Without a word the Seals raise their guns and FIRE, killing both instantly.

LEARY
Let's go!

They pile into the Mercedes and take off with Leary driving as. . . .

165. EXT - STREET - DAY

The Mercedes roars up to a Al Shuhada position, the Seals leaning out the windows and FIRING. . . .

The Al Shuhada Fighters dive for cover as the Mercedes SMASHES past them and. . . .

166. INT/EXT - MERCEDES - MORNING

As the Mercedes comes over a rise and the coast comes into view, Rexer points and shouts to Leary:

REXER
That way, back toward the ocean.

Leary swings down toward the ocean. . . .

167. INT/EXT - MERCEDES - MORNING

The Mercedes speeds down a hill road on the outskirts of the city, almost to the coast. Suddenly bullets RIP into the windshield. Ramos looks out the window and shouts:

RAMOS
It's the Syrians!

168. EXT - OVERHEAD - MORNING

A Soviet Mi-24 "Hind" GUNSHIP with Syrian markings flies just over the hilltop, pacing the Mercedes below and FIRING its door gun. . . .

169. INT - INSIDE GUNSHIP - MORNING

Abu Shaheed crouches by the Syrian DOORGUNNER, shouting in Arabic and pointing to tbe Mercedes below. . . .

170. INT - MERCEDES - MORNING

Bullets hit the driver's door. Leary jolts as one pierces his side and the car goes out of control. . . .

171. EXT - ROAD - MORNING

The Mercedes runs off the road and smashes into the embankment. The Seals leaps out and scramble up the hillside, dragging the wounded Leary with them as the gunship circles, coming around for another pass. . . .

172. EXT - HILLSIDE - MORNING

Near the top of the hill a rock outcropping juts out, forming a kind of canopy. The Seals scramble into it just as the helicopter returns, doorgun BLAZING. The Seals duck under the rocks and RETURN FIRE, driving it off. . . .

173. EXT - ROAD - MORNING

The chopper lands in the road. Abu Shaheed and 3 Syrian SOLDIERS jump out and cover the hillside along with the Doorgunner while the PILOT shouts into his radio in Arabic. . . .

174. EXT - HILLTOP - MORNING

A Syrian Army HALF-TRACK rolls over the top of the hill and stops. 12 Syrian SOLDIERS jump out and fan down the hillside toward the Seals' position. . . .

175. EXT - HILLSIDE - MORNING

While Ramos applies a dressing to Leary's wound, Rexer spots the Syrians coming down the hill toward them and FIRES several bursts from his M-60. The Syrians leap for cover. Rexer throws his M-60 aside and draws his Beretta.

RAMOS
How you fixed for ammo?

REXER
Just pistol.

LEARY
What about above.

REXER
No good. We're fucked.

Ramos pulls the dressing tight and Leary grits his teeth in agony as the radio suddenly comes to life:

175. CONTINUED:

ABU SHAHEED(v.o.)
"I am speaking to the American insurgents. . . ."

176. EXT - ROAD - MORNING

Abu Shaheed stands by the gunship, speaking into its radio:

ABU SHAHEED
. . . . you are completely surrounded. . . .

177. EXT - HILLSIDE - MORNING

Ramos looks through binoculars down at the gunship.

RAMOS
Fuckin' Rob Lowe again. Called his big brothers for help.

ABU SHAHEED (v.o.)
". . . . you have no chance of escape. Lay down your arms and I promise you will be well treated."

LEARY
Oh yeah, right.

RAMOS
Four American war criminals caught red-handed. It'd almost make up for the Stingers.

REXER
He's right about one thing — we got no shot.

LEARY
Tell 'em to fuck off. Make 'em come and get us.

RAMOS
Suits me.

Rexer nods. All 3 turn to Hawkins who has not said a word since the death of Curran. A beat, then:

REXER
Lieutenant?

PULL IN on Hawkins until his face fills the frame, then:

HAWKINS
Give me the radio.

LEARY
No!

177. CONTINUED:

Leary grabs the radio. Hawkins reaches for it. Ramos grabs his arm.

RAMOS
You know what they'll do to him, a wounded man — not to mention what they'll to the rest of us.

Hawkins snatches the radio away and keys the mike:

HAWKINS
All right, we're coming in.

Leary claws at Hawkins arm, out of his mind with pain and fear.

LEARY
You promised—

HAWKINS
Listen to me—

LEARY
We're dead anyway, at least make it fast! Don't you hear me? WE'RE DEAD!

Hawkins jabs his thumb into the nerve on the side of Leary's neck.

HAWKINS
Feel that?

Hawkins jabs harder. Leary winces, the pain greater than the pain of his wound.

HAWKINS
Feel it?

Leary gasps. Hawkins releases him and takes his head in both his hands.

HAWKINS
Then you're not dead.

178. EXT - ROAD - MORNING

The Seals throw out their weapons and come down the hill toward the gunship. They have to drag Leary, who has completely lost it, struggling feebly and sobbing like a pathetic baby.

LEARY
No, no, no, we're dead, we're dead. . . .

Abu Shaheed and the Syrian crewmen cover them as . . . .

HILLTOP

The Syrian Soldiers on the hill also keep rifles trained on the Seals. . . .

178. CONTINUED:

BACK TO ROAD

As the unarmed Seals approach to within 5 yards of the gunship:

ABU SHAHEED
Stop. On your knees.

The Seals lay the wounded Leary on the ground, then kneel down with their hands on their heads. The Doorgunner keeps them covered with the big RPD while the 3 soldiers and Abu Shaheed start searching them. Leary writhes on the ground, still sobbing, delirious.

LEARY
. . . . we're dead, we're dead. . . .

Abu Shaheed kicks Leary, who yelps, still sobbing.

ABU SHAHEED
Quiet!

REXER
Leave him alone!

One of the Soldiers buttstrokes Rexer to the ground.

ABU SHAHEED
All of you down. On your faces.

The Seals obey, putting their faces down in the dirt. Satisfied they are now no threat, Abu Shaheed takes the radio and says something in Arabic. Moments later we SEE the Syrians on the hillside in the distance relax and lower their weapons. Then:

HAWKINS
NOW!

Suddenly cool as ice, Leary quickly reaches into his dressing, pulls out the tiny Makarov pistol that Hawkins took off the Druze in the stadium, and FIRES a bullet through the Doorgunner's brain. . . .

The Soldiers and Abu Shaheed recoil with a start, turning their guns on Leary. . . .

The other Seals spring up and tackle them, yanking their guns away and clubbing them down. . . .

Ramos BLASTS the Pilot, yanks him out of the gunship and jumps into his seat, hitting the start trigger on the collective. . . .

Suddenly the gunship's turbines whine to life and the main rotor starts turning, gathering inertia. . . .

Abu Shaheed gets off a shot, hitting Rexer in the arm, before Hawkins decks him with a right. . . .

The Syrians on the hillside start FIRING. . . .

178. CONTINUED:(2)

Rexer jumps behind the door gun and OPENS FIRE on the hillside. . . .

The Syrians on the hillside duck for cover. . . .

Hawkins helps Leary aboard the gunship. . . .

The rotor is really turning now, almost ready to take off. . . .

The Syrians on the hillside RETURN FIRE from cover. . . .

Hawkins jerks Abu Shaheed to his feet, holding an AK to his head. Bullets whiz all around.

RAMOS
Come on!

Abu Shaheed draws himself up fearlessly, looking Hawkins in the eye. Hawkins shouts over the rotor blast:

HAWKINS
I know, you're not afraid to die. But I'm not gonna kill you. Go home.

Abu Shaheed stares at him in wonder. Hawkins pushes him away.

HAWKINS
Go on! Live with it sucker!

RAMOS
Come on!

Suddenly appalled, Abu Shaheed starts to walk away, then.

HAWKINS
Hey.

Abu Shaheed turns around and Hawkins GUTSHOOTS him. Abu Shaheed falls into a strained lotus position, looking at Hawkins in utter astonishment.

HAWKINS
I was kidding.

Abu Shaheed's eyes widen in terror as Hawkins LEANS on the trigger, giving him all 32 rounds. He falls in the dust, a bundle of bloody rags.

RAMOS
COME ON!

Hawkins jumps on the gunship as it lifts off and. . . .

179. EXT - CARRIER FLIGHT DECK - DAY

As the Soviet gunship lands on the flight deck, a medical team rushes out to meet it with stretchers for the wounded. Meanwhile a nearby

179. CONTINUED:

SAILOR turns to a MARINE.

1ST SAILOR
You see that?

180. EXT - BREAKWATER, NORFOLK - DUSK

Hawkins, stands alone on the breakwater back at the Norfolk base, watching the sunset play on the still water. After a moment Amanda comes up beside him.

AMANDA
Hey.

HAWKINS
Hey.

AMANDA
How do you feel?

HAWKINS
Hurts.

AMANDA
I know.

HAWKINS
(looks at her, voice breaks)
Hurts bad.

AMANDA
I know.

He looks away, trying to keep himself from weeping. He may not be Curran yet, but he's no longer the man he was. She slips her hand into his and rests her head on his shoulder.

AMANDA
I know.

HOLD ON Hawkins and Amanda as we. . . .

FADE OUT:

THE END